

The Pope's First Encyclical.

FOLLOWING the precedent set by his predecessors, Benedict XV. has addressed a first letter to the Bishops and other Prelates of the Catholic Church, in which he announces his accession to the Papacy, diagnoses the condition of the world as he now finds it, and indicates the objects he will seek to attain. The subdued tone which pervades the Encyclical and makes it so sad to read testifies eloquently to the deep distress under which it has been written, but just on that account it will appeal the more forcibly to the hearts of his many children throughout the world, and not to those only.

Necessarily he begins with a reference to the war as to the most arresting fact which faces his gaze as he looks out on the populations he is called upon to govern as their supreme Pastor.

But as soon as we were able from the height of Apostolic dignity to survey at a glance the course of human affairs, our eyes were met by the sad conditions of human society, and we could not but be filled with bitter sorrow. For what could prevent the soul of the common Father of all from being most deeply distressed by the spectacle presented by Europe, nay, by the whole world, perhaps the saddest and most mournful spectacle of which there is any record. Certainly those days would seem to have come upon us of which Christ Our Lord foretold: "You shall hear of wars and rumours of wars—for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom" (Matt. xxiv. 6-7). On every side the dread phantom of war holds sway; there is scarce room for another thought in the minds of men. The combatants are the greatest and wealthiest nations of the earth; what wonder then if, well provided with the most awful weapons modern military science has devised, they strive to destroy one another with refinements of horror. There is no limit to the measure of ruin and of slaughter; day by day the earth is drenched with newly-shed blood, and is covered with the bodies of the wounded and of the slain. Who would imagine as we see them thus filled with hatred of one another, that they are all

of one common stock, all of the same nature, all members of the same human society? Who would recognize them as brothers, whose Father is in heaven? Yet while with numberless troops the furious battle is engaged, the sad cohorts of war, sorrow and distress swoop down upon every city and every home; day by day the mighty number of widows and orphans increases, and with the interruption of communications, trade is at a standstill; agriculture is abandoned; the arts are reduced to inactivity; the wealthy are in difficulties; the poor are reduced to abject misery; all are in distress.

Appalling as is this picture none of us will deem it exaggerated. It comes home to us all too vividly, as we see our sons and our brothers leaving for the front, taking their lives in their hands, or read of the still sadder sufferings of those quiet and unoffending people whose misfortune it has been to live amidst the scenes of action. Knowing indeed most intimately our own country, and the extreme unwillingness with which it entered on this war, impelled only by the conviction that it was necessary in self-defence against a foe who was seeking to impose his domination on the rest of Europe, we can feel no doubt as to the side on which lies the responsibility of the aggressor. At the same time far be it from us to expect or desire that the Vicar of Christ should incline to one side or the other. What is best for us all is that he should embrace as he has done all the contending nations in a spirit of absolute neutrality, which is not neutrality in the sense of a mere stand-off from a quarrel of others, but the neutrality of a father's heart deeply distressed to see his children engaged in this internecine strife, who holds himself apart because his affection is equal for them all, and that he may the better be able to appeal to the consciences of each in striving to bring them back to thoughts of peace. And how tenderly he urges this appeal.

Moved by these great evils, we thought it our duty, at the very outset of our Supreme Pontificate, to recall the last words of our Predecessor, of illustrious and holy memory, and by repeating them once more, to begin our own Apostolic Ministry; and we implored Kings and rulers to consider the floods of tears and of blood already poured out, and to hasten to restore to the nations the blessings of peace. God grant by His mercy and blessing, that the glad tidings the angels brought at the birth of the divine Redeemer of mankind may soon echo forth as we, His vicar, enter upon His Work: "on earth peace to men of good

will " (Luke ii. 14). We implore those in whose hands are placed the fortunes of nations to hearken to our voice. Surely there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified. Let them be tried honestly and with good will, and let arms meanwhile be laid aside. It is impelled with love of them and of all mankind, without any personal interest whatever, that we utter these words. Let them not allow these words of a friend and of a father to be uttered in vain.

It is hardly probable that the rulers thus addressed, predominantly non-Catholic as they are, though so many of their subjects are Catholic, will give the heed we should desire to these words of a friend and a father. But such an appeal from the Apostolic See is likely to have at least some effect, and at all events it should help to make us realize better what the nations of the modern world lose by not being prepared to refer their grievances to a tribunal so fitted to arbitrate between them, and, through the reverence due to its sacred character, to soften down the wounded feelings that are usually the chief obstacle to peaceful settlements of international quarrels.

After this reference to the present war Benedict XV. proceeds in his diagnosis to penetrate more deeply into the maladies of the time. There is, he says, another evil raging in the very inmost heart of human society, a source of dread to those who really think, inasmuch as it has already brought, and will bring, many misfortunes upon nations, and may rightly be considered to be the root-cause of the present awful war.

Ever since the precepts and practices of Christian wisdom ceased to be observed in the ruling of states, it followed that as they contained the peace and stability of institutions, the very foundations of states necessarily began to be shaken. Such has been the change in the ideas and the morals of men that unless God comes soon to our help, the end of civilization would seem to be at hand. Thus we see the absence of mutual love from the relation of men with their fellow men; the authority of ruler is held in contempt; injustice reigns in relations between the classes of society; the striving for transient and perishable things is so keen that men have lost sight of the other and more worthy goods they have to obtain. It is under these four headings that may be grouped, we consider, the causes of the serious unrest pervading the whole of human society.

(a) "Our Lord," says the Encyclical, "came down from

heaven to establish on earth a kingdom of peace, and wishes accordingly that it should rest on a foundation of brotherly love." It might seem to a superficial observer that this is an ideal peculiarly cherished at the present day. "Never perhaps was there more talking about the brotherhood of men than at the present day; in fact, men do not hesitate to proclaim that striving after brotherhood is one of the greatest gifts of modern civilization, forgetting how the teaching of the Gospel and the work of Christ and the Church have set forth that ideal and laboriously wrought for its realization during all these nineteen Christian centuries."

But in fact there has never been less brotherly activity amongst men than at the present moment. Race hatred has reached its climax; people are more divided by jealousies than by frontiers; within one and the same nation, within one and the same city, there rages the burning envy of class against class, and among individuals it is self-love which is the supreme law overruling everything.

The cause of the paradox is that this age is making the fruitless endeavour to base the mutual love of men on another foundation than the love of men for God. Excellent and much to be commended are the institutions for philanthropic objects which the present age has so abundantly provided, but "only when such institutions are instrumental in fostering the true love of God and of their neighbours in the minds of men, are they of solid utility. Without this they are nothing worth, for *qui non diligit manet in morte*." Accordingly the Pope declares that it will be the special work of his Pontificate to strive to restore the charity of Jesus Christ as the ruling principle in the minds of men, and for this end he invites the co-operation of the Bishops and Prelates. It is, in fact, the motto of Pius X. taken up again, though expressed in somewhat different words.

(b) The second cause of the general unrest the Pope finds in the disregard for authority that has become so general. This he traces to the changed notions that prevail as to the source of the authority claimed by some men over others. He appeals here to St. Paul, who in various places of his Epistles teaches that there is no power, that is, authority, except such as is from God, our Creator and Ruler, and deduces that the powers that be, whatever be their degree, are "ordained of God," and must be obeyed by those subject to them, religiously, that is, from the motive of conscientious duty. With

this Christian conception of the relation between superior and subject, he contrasts the modern doctrine which derives all authority from the free choice of men, that is, of the governed, a system under which the relation between those that rule and those that are ruled has become so weakened as almost to have ceased to exist. In its stead—

Unrestrained love of independence together with overweening pride has little by little found its way everywhere, and has not even spared the home, although the natural origin of the ruling power in the family is as clear as the noonday sun; indeed, which is still more regrettable, it has not stopped at the gates of the sanctuary. Hence contempt for the law, insubordination of the masses, wanton criticism of orders issued, and innumerable ways of undermining authority. Hence too those terrible crimes of men who, claiming to be bound by no laws, do not hesitate to attack the property and even the lives of their neighbours.

But if these social miseries are due to the substitution of a false conception of the nature of authority for that inculcated by the religion of Jesus Christ, a serious reflection should engage the minds of the rulers of states.

Let the princes and rulers of peoples remember this truth, and let them consider whether it is a prudent and safe idea for governments or for states to separate themselves from the holy religion of Jesus Christ from which their authority receives such strength and support. Let them consider whether it is a measure of political wisdom to seek to divorce the teaching of the Gospel and the Church from the ruling of a country and from the public education of the young. Sad experience proves that human authority fails where religion is set aside. . . . When the rulers of nations despise divine authority, the people in their turn are wont to despise human authority. There remains of course the expedient of using force to repress popular risings, but what is the result? Force can repress the body, but it cannot repress the souls of men.

(c) The third disorder of the day which is undermining the fabric of human society is the direct outcome of these two prior causes. It is the unceasing conflict between class and class, between rich and poor, between employer and employed.

When the union of the members with one another by mutual charity and their union with their head by their dutiful recognition of his authority has been weakened, is it to be wondered at that modern society should be divided into two hostile armies bitterly and ceaselessly at strife? . . . It is not necessary

to enumerate the many consequences, not less disastrous for the individual than for the community, which follow from this class hatred. We all see and deplore the frequency of strikes, which suddenly interrupt the course of city and national life in their most necessary functions; we see hostile gatherings and tumultuous crowds, and it not unfrequently happens that recourse is had to arms and human blood is spilled. . . . Let us then make it our care, using every argument supplied by the Gospel, by reason, and by public or private good, to stimulate all men to mutual brotherly love in accordance with the divine law of charity. This brotherly love does not set itself to sweep away all differences of rank and condition—this is no more possible than it is possible in a living body that all members should have the same place and function—but it has the power to make those of higher rank act towards those of a lower not only with justice, as is indeed imperative, but also with good will, and kindness and consideration; and it makes those of a lower rank to be glad at the prosperity of others, and to have confidence in their readiness to help; just as in the same family the younger trust to the care and protection of the elder.

The Encyclical next probes down to a deeper root still of the unrest and disorders of the time, which those who form public opinion instead of striving to extract, too often make it their persistent endeavour to encourage and strengthen.

When godless schools, moulding as wax the tender hearts of the young, when an unscrupulous press, continually playing on the inexperienced minds of the multitude, when those other agencies that form public opinion have succeeded in propagating the deadly error that man ought not to look for a happy eternity, that it is only here that happiness is to be found, in the riches, the honours, the pleasures of this life—it is not surprising that men, with their inextinguishable desire of happiness, should attack what stands in the way of that happiness with all the impelling force of their desire.

This being so it is clear that only in proportion as men's minds can be brought to the faith, and induced to lead their lives in accordance with its precepts so as to set constantly before themselves the desire and hope of the goods that are eternal, will the true and efficacious remedy for all these evils be recovered. And that this recovery may be promoted, Benedict XV. holds up the standards of Beatitude set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, as the teaching which the clergy must sedulously inculcate.

Men far removed from the faith [he urges] have yet seen in this teaching a supreme wisdom, and the most perfect form of religious and moral doctrine; and indeed all agree that before Christ, who is truth itself, no one ever spoke of these things as he has spoken, with such dignity, such power, and so exalted a sentiment of love. Now the deep and underlying thought of this divine philosophy is, that the good things of this life have only the appearance without the reality of good, and so cannot bestow true happiness. . . . But this important teaching of the faith is neglected by too many, and by not a few is forgotten altogether. It is for you, Venerable Brethren, to make it live again among men, for without it men and communities of men will never find peace.

That this is a true diagnosis of the characteristic malady of the age will be generally recognized. And, if some are captious enough to criticize it as keeping too exclusively to the generalities of primary principles, and omitting to offer any practical applications and measures of detail, they are forgetting that there are times when it is most desirable to remind the world of those primary religious principles, which it is so prone to disregard in its practical conduct and even in its theorizing, and that the first utterance of a new Pope is peculiarly the occasion for administering such a reminder. Perhaps, too, the time is propitious for it in another way, now that the fearful experiences of war are forcing so many to test their habitual motives of conduct in the piercing light of approaching death, and to pay more heed to the exhortations of the great Church whose teachings are so self-convincing to human minds when the mists of prejudice and passion have been cleared away.

Coming at length to matters that more directly concern the clergy, Benedict XV. begins by testifying to the consolation, even in the midst of his distress, which he derives from the thought of the splendid achievements that have crowned the labours of Pius X., who "during his Pontificate adorned the Apostolic See with the example of a life in every way saintly."

It is owing to him that we see the religious spirit of the clergy everywhere intensified; the piety of the faithful aroused; a disciplined activity promoted in Catholic associations; the sacred hierarchy consolidated or extended; the education of aspirants to the priesthood promoted according to the strict demands of ecclesiastical legislation and the needs of our time; the danger

of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; music made to bear a worthy part in the solemn service of God, and the dignity of the liturgy increased; the knowledge of Christianity more widely spread by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel.

He then indicates some of the chief objects which, in taking over the work of his predecessors, he desires specially to advance. Realizing how much the success of any society of men depends on the concord of its members, he will labour to check dissension and discord amongst Catholics, thus to secure unity of plan and of action. Let no private person put himself forward in books or newspapers or otherwise, as a teacher in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching authority in the Church. It is for him to decide when and how he shall speak, and for others to receive his words with obedience and reverence. In matters on which he has not spoken, and there can be difference of opinion, without injury to faith and ecclesiastical discipline, each may lawfully defend his own opinion, as long as he speaks with propriety and avoids offensive language; and, if others do not accept his view, does not attempt to cast suspicion on their faith or spirit of discipline.

And here the Holy Father has a paragraph, for which we must all thank him, on the impropriety of attempting to label with injurious names those whose views are opposed to our own.

We desire that the practice lately come into use of using distinctive names by which Catholics are marked off from Catholics should cease; such names must be avoided, not only as "profane novelties of words" that are neither true nor just, but also because they lead to grave disturbance and confusion in the Catholic body. It is of the nature of the Catholic faith that nothing can be added to it, nothing taken away; it is either accepted in full or rejected in full—"This is the Catholic faith which unless a man believe faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved." There is no need to qualify by fresh epithets the profession of this faith, let it be enough for a man to say: "Christian is my name, Catholic my surname"; only let him take heed to be in truth what he calls himself.

In the remainder of his Encyclical the Holy Father renews to the full, as it was certain he would, his predecessor's condemnation of "the monstrous errors of Modernism," which he attributes to a rash disposition on the part of a

certain school "to reduce the deep things of God, and the whole revelation of God, to the measure of their own understanding, and to accommodate them to the modern spirit." And he admonishes all to reject not only the errors of Modernism itself but also this modernistic spirit, "a spirit that fastidiously rejects what is ancient, and is ever on the search for novelties—novelties in the way of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine worship, in Catholic practices, and even in the practices of private devotion."

Finally come a few words of encouragement for the Catholic associations which with such benefit to the Church have been so multiplied in recent years, but with a caution that they observe faithfully the regulations that have been given or may be given to them by the Holy See; of encouragement to the Bishops to continue their solicitude for the careful training of the young levites to holiness of life and perfect discipline, and a very earnest exhortation indeed to the clergy to keep themselves free from "the spirit of independence and insubordination so characteristic of these days," and to show a loyal and willing obedience to their Bishops. "Owing to the difficulties of the times," says the Pope, "the burden of the Bishops is already too heavy. Is it not cruel that anyone, by refusing proper obedience, should increase the weight and anxieties of their Office?"

It was to be anticipated that the Encyclical would not end without a renewal of the protest which recent Pontiffs have had to keep up against the curtailment of the Church's necessary freedom of action, since "the Head of the Church, the supreme Pontiff, began to lack that defence of his freedom which the Providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries." Benedict XV. accordingly makes this protest, but in words of studied moderation which no reasonable judge can call provocative.

"While we pray for the speedy return of peace to the world, we also pray that an end may be put to the abnormal state in which the Head of the Church is placed—a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquillity. Our predecessors have protested, not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty, against this state of things; these protests we renew, and for the same reason—to protect the rights and dignity of the Holy See."

S. F. S.

THE FEAST.

"Ante luciferum genitus et ante sæcula . . ."

I.

Before the daystar and the ages,
Before the worlds began to be,
The Love that took our folly's wages
Forſaw His own Epiphany.
Though all unwrit the human story,
In unborn time and unfilled space
His Eyes could trace the far-off glory—
The feast of joy and peace and grace!

II.

Then, while the daystar and the ages
Rolled on, with slow and pauseless flight,
The poet's trance, the prophet's pages
Revealed the ever-nearing Light;
Till, in the appointed place of meeting,
The Word on human breast was laid,
And ſerfs and kings (like brothers greeting)
Did homage to a Mother-Maid.

III.

Dimmed now that Light above the manger,
That Star through blood-red miſt doth shine,
Yet ſtill, with kindred or with ſtranger,
Men yearn to keep the tryst Divine.
And each ſtill brings as each is able
His gift of ſmall or great expenſe,—
Some ray of gold to light the table,
Some waft of myrrh or frankincenſe.

IV.

O feaſt of myſtic conſolations,
Mayſt thou the golden age reſtore,
And turn the eyes of war-worn nations
Towards this lowly ſtable door!
Where He, the King of ſerfs and ſages,
Holds healing in His Hands for ſtrife,
Until the daystar and the ages
Fade back into eternal life!

G. M. HORT.

The Old Apple-room.

"The boy is indeed the true apple-eater and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple—Sap draws sap—The apple is indeed the fruit of youth."—*John Burroughs.*

MISS CAROLINE had reassuringly spoken of the "Apple-Room" as an abode of plenty, and invited her little guest "to come and see!"

But the long passage leading to their goal proved the way of disappointment. "A thin layer of apples spread on hay, the colour of Miss Caroline's hair, covered the floor." Not the golden harvest of the orchards piled roof-high which the imagination of a child had visualized instantly—to how swift an oversetting!

I laid *Gracechurch* down with a smile and a sigh, for the word "apple-room" holds magic memories for me which all the dust of years cannot dim. In dreams only we can alter the past, wipe out the big and little griefs, the trivial disappointments which loomed so large on childhood's horizon. So in a daydream I slipped back down the highway of the years, and took Miss Caroline's little visitor by the hand to lead him to the "apple-room" of my fond recollection where no disappointment awaits us.

Halt a moment at the foot of the break-neck oak stair leading to the mysterious regions of the attics. To "grown-ups" that is a word of mean significance, but not to us—we know better, for are we not back in the joyful kingdom of childhood where language wears an embroidered dress of many colours invisible to the eye of maturity?

Mingled with the all-pervading scent of beeswaxed floors comes an alluring aroma—Apples!—I believe "grown-ups" object to the odour of apples *en masse*, but we do not—so inhaling that enchanting odour, let us climb carefully, holding fast to the banister and to the hand-rail opposite, for abrupt descents are not wholly unknown on that glacier-like

ascent, and a consequent inability to sit down without anguish, besides minor injuries to that portion of us most inappropriately named our "funny-bone."

There is a dim, ghostly gloom on the landing under the high-pitched roof. Long shafts of sunlight slant from the small doors which have hung crookedly on their frames this many a year. We hasten to open the door and the loud clack of the iron latch has a reassuring sound in this atmosphere of mystery and silence. There are strange little trap-doors set in the roof and the shadows lie so thick in every corner. We have a sense of being companioned, too: perhaps the dream-spirits lingering in ancient houses brush us with their invisible wings, for our hearts beat a little faster when we stand on the dark landing on the threshold of our quest. But they will not hurt us, these gentle spirits of memory—we are more akin to them yet than are the busy, bustling folks in the world below—only we have a half-fearful, half-ecstatic sense of mystery and adventure. Here all things are possible, it is the region of romance, but we know exactly what will happen downstairs. Roast mutton and rice pudding at one-thirty, and then a long walk with Fraulein on the high roads, where just anyone may go, not in the wet fragrant woods that seem to beckon us so invitingly, nor down the enticing little lanes knee-deep in mud, where white violets and the earliest primroses nestle in the mossy banks; Fraulein hates mud, which is to us an attractive natural product with interesting possibilities when the eye of authority is removed. "How many mud splashes on the back of Nancy's blue coat can Jack and Jim make in a given time, both stamping in a puddle," is a much more interesting problem than "If a herring and a half cost three half-pence." But we are far away from that humdrum existence here. The door falls back with disconcerting suddenness,—we forget that little trick every time and are always precipitated headlong into the apple-room—and now, the aroma is no longer faint, it is a shout! Here are tiers and tiers, and rows and rows, of golden and russet and rose-red apples reaching nearly up to the roof. We survey them with a friendly proprietorial eye, for have we not known them from their infancy, so to say, when the orchard was a heavenly vision of pink and white blossom? Now they await our onslaught and we can walk round and round and fill our pinafors to overflowing and still the apparently undiminished rows await a bright to-morrow. We know there are "grown-

ups" who consider one apple an elegant sufficiency, two, vulgar plenty, and three, dire tragedy—I hope you don't, little dream-friend—absurd, isn't it? The apple is the fruit of youth!

Let us sit on the ledge of the old book cupboard, deep in the wall, and eat apples, and when my pinafore is empty we will choose some more, golden pippins or ladies' fingers—very long and narrow these, and redder than ladies' fingers have any right to be. It is cold in the attics, the winter sun comes but palely through the lattice, where the leaded panes are so small, and of a curious bottle-greenish shade most interesting to see, and after a time an unlimited diet of apples imparts a somewhat chilly sensation inwardly, so let us move about and explore, for the attic is not wholly dedicated to apples, it has other delights.

There is a deep, dark cupboard going far into the wall, full of ancient, discarded garments that take strange, uncanny shapes as we peep in, and wave rather terrifyingly in the sudden draught of air, so we shut it hastily and slip the wooden catch. The vast wardrobe, which has to be propped up on one side a little, because the floor slopes so strangely, is locked, but we know the treasures it contains by heart. Bridal finery of long ago: Paisley shawls and lace shawls, waistcoats of brocade, most gorgeous and rose-besprinkled, that would make a heavenly frock for our best doll, if—life is full of these "ifs", we find!

There, too, is the pale-blue silk spencer great-grandmamma was wearing the first time that great-grandpapa saw her—long laid by in lavender. We can guess how great-grandmamma looked, for isn't there a miniature of her downstairs, with big, soft eyes and powdered curls drooping over her muslin *fichu*? she looks so gentle, we love her; but great-grandpapa, powdered and becurled too, has a fierce eye and a proud lip, and we guess the six great-uncles had to mind their "p's and q's." But great-grandmamma petted them, we feel sure, when his fierce eye was removed; she had such a "petting" face.

There are other treasures in the great wardrobe—absurdly small bronze sandals which pretty Aunt Emily wore on her bridal morning. But she died in her youth, and the tiny fringed parasol, with a wonderful folding ivory handle, with which she shaded her happy face, lies there too, with other relics of the bevy of sisters who are dead now or far over-

seas. Only the youngest aunt remains to tell us the stories we love to hear of the long-ago weddings when she was a little girl herself. Of the brides in crinolines and poke bonnets, with flowing lace veils hanging behind, of the be-whiskered bridegrooms who look so funny to us now in their faded photographs. Of the amazing great-aunt of ninety-four who danced in her lavender *moiré*, as lightly as any girl there. Those were the red-letter days of the youngest aunt's youth, and she remembers everything: what the weather was like, and what everyone wore; and as she talks we see the old home in the shadow of the Breidden, the long tables spread under the big trees on the lawn, and the splendid frosted cake which was to be cut in generous slices, not in wee snippets such as we sometimes see when "Dick the Post" brings little parcels to the house. It seems unfortunate that we had no share in those gay doings, but when we say so the grown-up folk only laugh and tell us that perhaps we may also enjoy the glory of a wedding cake of our own some day—that being the chief point of getting married in our opinion.

There, too, is an embroidered cloak, fringed and lined with sarcenet, in which many of the infants of the family made their first public appearance. We have had wild dreams of parading proudly in it as Sir Walter Raleigh, or wearing it trainwise to be presented at imaginary courts. Dreams these and vain imaginings, for never would we be allowed so to desecrate it. But all these glories are under lock and key and only to be entered upon under the eye of authority.

The book cupboard yawns invitingly open, the floor piled knee high with ancient magazines and the shelves groaning with books that have found their way up here from the superfluity downstairs. Let us sit on the floor and look at one of our favourites—*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*,—we like it because of the gaily coloured pictures, but when we read further we find Mr. Sponge was an unpleasant sort of visitor, and we feel a little at sea in that world of seedy sportsmen. We like *Don Quixote* much better and would gladly have fared forth with him and the boney, but beloved, Rozinante.

But Fraulein is calling and it is time we went down. We shan't want much roast mutton, and it is a pity that it is jam roley-poley day.

Yet there is something more to see before we go down. Let us stand on tip-toe and look out of the little lattice

window. The lovely landscape seems to shine in more vivid beauty for that dark frame. We see the far-away green mountain lifting its cone into the ethereal skies, snow-capped in winter, haunt of lovely shadows of purple and brown and azure in summer—always wonderful with the allure of the unattainable—the clustering woods below that seem to beckon to us, the green sloping fields where the brook goes singing on its way. In early summer the lattice is framed in white blossom of the giant pear tree which clasps the house, and later, honeysuckle and climbing roses pour their fragrance through every open lattice. Jessamine too, starry-white, waves in the summer air, and it is so strangely sweet it makes us feel sad, but we don't know why. Birds nest and twitter in the ivy which mantles the north wall, or carol in the lilacs and laburnums clustered below.

Good-bye, dear little "Apple-room." Other small feet perchance climb the perilous ascent to your treasury now, and, if they seem companioned, it will be my little dim ghost returning in dreams;—Not to deplete your golden store, little folks, but just to look through the lattice at the green mountain with the light of morning on its slopes.

DOROTHEA BIRCH.

Architecture in the Western Battlefield.

IT is a grievous aggravation of the ordinary disasters of War that the main struggle should be waged to-day in a field illustrious for the triumphs of the arts born of peace and religion, and waged with an enemy so immoral. For the Flemish Netherlands and the North of France were, during the Middle Ages, the chief centres of Civil and Ecclesiastical Architecture respectively. It is the great cities of the former which on the whole furnish us with the fullest architectural expression of the communal and domestic life of the time; while the neighbouring territories of France hold an unquestioned supremacy in the domain of Church-architecture and its allied arts. Each at the same time borrows some characteristic from the other, for France influenced the church-building of Belgium (and, indeed, of every other land) while from the latter seems to have spread the civic type exemplified in the Town Halls of northern France. It is worth while in the present crisis to consider somewhat closely the character and connection of the historic buildings suddenly brought into unprecedented prominence and peril.

Let us deal in the first place with France and her special creation—the marvellous Gothic Art of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; for from whatever quarter came originally the germs and suggestions of this novel mode, it was here, in the Ile-de-France and Picardy and Champagne, above all, that it took shape and became with surprising swiftness a living, flourishing, artistic organism. On the moral side it was conspicuously the child of its age—an age as remarkable for its ideas as for its activities. All the movements and aspirations of the time, civil and religious, lay and ecclesiastical, even when conflicting among themselves, seem to have contributed in one way or another to the rise and development of the new art, which found, however, in Communal and Episcopal expansion its immediate stimulus and opportunity.

The force and fertility of the architectural movement was

amazing. Of the general aspect of the cities on this classic soil, such as they stood in their mediæval prime, or even in their decline, so late as a century and a quarter since, we can hardly form for ourselves an adequate picture; for when the storm of the great Revolution passed, it had left them poor and denuded indeed by comparison. Where now an almost unaccompanied Cathedral rears its roof, once rose beside it a host of daughter and of sister churches. In great ecclesiastical centres like Rheims, and Laon, and Soissons, parochial and conventual establishments stood thick within the walled arena and overflowed beyond it. The press of their steeples pricked the sky much as do the mill-shafts of a Lancashire cotton town to-day; for as industry is organized and centralized in the present, even so were religious life and worship in the past. For a concrete and little known example, let us glance at Soissons. This small city retained at the close of the eighteenth century, besides its Cathedral and minor ecclesiastical buildings, at least seven important conventual and collegiate Churches—some of them magnificent. Of these, the nineteenth century inherited but the comparatively small priory of S. Léger (much impaired), and a few fragments of certain others, of which the splendid West-front of S. Jean des Vignes (a mere screen with no body behind it) forms the most considerable relic.¹ Gone, with their noble churches, among the rest, are the two illustrious foundations of the Merovingian Era, S. Médard and Nôtre Dame, for men and women respectively. The pictured records of S. Médard, situate without the walls, afford us an idea of what a great mediæval Benedictine establishment was like,—one of the greatest indeed, containing as it did within the double ring of its own moated walls some half-dozen churches, greater and less, of which the Abbey Church itself was furnished with a quartette of tapering steeples, while gathered round it lay, in corresponding extent, the buildings and appurtenances of the abbey properly so-called. Such was but one unit, though no doubt the most important unit, of the pre-Revolution group of religious houses that centred round the hill on which still stands, though freshly wounded, the Cathedral of Soissons. Noyon and Senlis too, both in the very focus of war to-day, were in their degree veritable schools

¹ The melancholy ruin of this beautiful fabric was due, however, not to the Revolution but to the unaccountable action of the ecclesiastical authorities after the restoration of worship. What remains was much injured in the war of 1870, and is again reported damaged to-day.

of religious architecture—also lamentably impoverished by the great upheaval, which, even when it spared the fabric, often left it little more than an unfurnished shell.

All these cities, then, had their share in the fascinating development which gave Gothic Architecture to the twelfth century world. Certain of their great surviving churches, while lacking a matured beauty, are yet of special interest and importance in the evolution of such maturity. Without those already named, without S. Rémi and Châlons, without others again (such as Paris) beyond our present field of view, Rheims and Amiens would have been impossible.

The twelfth-century Choirs of Noyon and Senlis, light and lofty as they are compared with their Romanesque predecessors, nevertheless betray a certain rudeness and tentative, transitional character. The apses are semicircular in plan and at Noyon terminate the transepts as well as the choir; the chapels are not fully developed; while great triforium galleries, forming an upper aisle, run through the building. This feature, characteristic of the period, is found in the slightly later Nôtre Dame of Paris, where it is still in occasional use. At Noyon the transitional mixture of round and pointed arches is very marked, but its western towers and narthex are fine examples of more developed Gothic. Senlis brought but one tower to completion, whose singular treatment and elongation seems again to suggest experiment, the striving after a slightness and elevation greater than that reached by the Romanesque pyramidal roof, and corresponding with the aspiring forms of the main body. The rich flamboyant additions to this body at Senlis¹ need not detain us. Some of the above features recur in the vast and venerable Abbey Church of S. Rémi at Rheims, as also in that of Nôtre Dame at Châlons; but in both these we have a distinctive characteristic in the triplets of arch and window, which recall our own early English work. They occur, too, treated with an extreme elegance, in the charming apsidal transept of Soissons Cathedral. No verbal description can well convey the quality of this last work, which seems to mark an independent stage in the ascent to yet higher levels.

Laon, too, both physically and architecturally, stands upon a crest, a strongly individual structure, severe to a fault, uncompromising in its lines and angles, adopting even the

¹ The Cathedral here was saved from imminent destruction by the action of the Curé during the recent attack.

square East-end, so rare in French churches; of grand dimensions too, and shewing in earliest Gothic the great recessed and statued porches and lofty tower-clusters that were to be more richly and gracefully realized hereafter. But nowhere are the latter so relatively complete as here, where five out of seven stand perfect save for the spires that once crowned some at least among them. The upper galleries persist, as also does the robust circular column, in preference to the clustered pier. And here Chartres must be cited as an intermediate work, though, happily, outside our proper limits and of a somewhat different school. It, too, has a sternness all its own, but it supplies certain advanced forms, as *e.g.*, a polygonal instead of a semicircular apse, and a novel pier which was to receive a more refined interpretation at Rheims, while the galleries are gone for good. But before we can reach Rheims the main fabric of Soissons must be noticed. It shows in its choir an interesting early stage in the formation of tracery-windows (echoed in the Church of S. Léger), a feature we have scarcely met with so far. This Cathedral claims to be the first in importance of the second-class Cathedrals of France; but in spite of its merits, it strikes one as somewhat ordinary and uninspired in its formulas, and has, like many another, been over-restored. Its West-front has considerable likeness to that of Nôtre Dame at Paris, but the building as a whole is more advanced.

Of Rheims itself, the royal and metropolitan Church, no part is earlier than the thirteenth century. It belongs in its main scheme wholly to the Great Age, though preceded apparently by no less than five churches on the same site. It was commenced in 1211 under the auspices of the architect, Jean d'Orbais, and carried forward westwards on undeviating lines for nigh a century, till the great portals were reached. In this it resembles Westminster Abbey, whose erection on an unvarying plan was spread over a still longer period. But more than this, actual similarities of design between them, obvious in the window-tracery, and extending in certain features even to small details, imply a direct relationship between the two Churches which served for the sacring of the French and English Sovereigns respectively. It would be superfluous to dwell on the glories of Rheims: the solemn majesty of its interior, the wonder of its glass (early, however in the art), the splendid iconography of its porches, with the fourteenth century suaveness of individual figures,

or the combined richness and lightness of the towers which surmount them—*ajourés* even in their lower stages—the ideal of Laon perfected. It would be heartbreaking to insist on the irreparable injury but now inflicted on precisely the most delicate and precious of these objects. It must be noted, however, with respect to the steeples that they are not only unfinished in themselves, lacking the terminal spires, but incomplete also as part only of a group once comprising five complementary spires at the transeptal crossing. The lower stages of these five remain indeed, but time was when they were crowned by lightsome superstructures of leaded timber. Such they stood when Joan of Arc looked upon the scene, and for some half century more, when this incomparable corona perished in an accidental fire. Viollet-le-duc, in his *Dictionnaire*, gives a conjectural reconstitution of the group. Then, says the chronicler, there was lamentation throughout the kingdom, and *the city was duly punished*. Among the most beautiful buildings of ancient Rheims was the Abbey Church of S. Nicaise, whose western front was a composition of the same order as the Cathedral's, of the most finished elegance, and perfect in all its parts. The abbey has totally vanished, having suffered, consequent on the Revolution, a long agony of piecemeal destruction. The fine sepulchral slab of its architect, Libergier, with a full-length figure incised, has been preserved in the Cathedral.

Rheims represented an attainment in itself. But Amiens, and in close sequence, Beauvais, achieved, together with greater richness, the virtual limit of lightness and loftiness. The solid wall has almost disappeared: there remains but buttressed shaft and traceried opening, the triforium as well as the clerestory being pierced and glazed. Beauvais indeed with its exaggerated height overshot the mark, suffered disaster and remained unfinished. But Amiens — though even here one would desiderate a greater length — realized in its choir a serene loveliness, a balanced beauty, which most observers agree has never been surpassed. These great arcaded apses, rearing aloft their translucent walls till they seem to englobe a portion of the very sky, and ringed about the base with circling ambulatory and clustering chapels — the perfected *chevet*, — form indeed the climax and triumph of French architectural effort. They are only paralleled at Cologne, and there as a frank imitation or importation. England, with her soberer spirit, never emulated these altitudes.

We took compensation, however, in the erection of such lordly steeples as those of Salisbury and Lincoln (itself once crowned by a triplet of spires)—structures which could only sit proportionably or securely on lowlier and lengthier fabrics. And, indeed, after the period of Rheims we meet with no more groups of transeptal towers. Nor did we ever compete with our neighbours in those sumptuous porticoes whose sculptured archivolts enshrine whole cycles of sacred symbolism and history, forming in fact the chief external glory of the French Cathedral.

One more noble church, likewise in the danger-zone, must be mentioned, namely, the great Collegiate fabric which has bestowed its own name on the town of St. Quentin. In date it seems to claim priority, in design perchance even a degree of parentage, with respect to Amiens. Comparatively little known as it is, one is the more surprised to see quoted in the local handbook an English appreciation of some seventy years since, and, further, to find the author of this to be the late Mr. T. W. Allies, so well known to English Catholics by writings of another order. He was justified in bringing St. Quentin into line with Rheims and Amiens, for it undoubtedly is of the architectural blood-royal. Its aspiring forms and nervous detail, the beauty of its ornamentation, the rarity (in France) of a double transept, combine to give it a distinction even among contemporaries. It lacks, unfortunately, a steeple, while its constitutional frailness has been an anxiety to its guardians from its earliest years. It is a church which enjoys the advantage of complete *entourage* of buildings, including part at least of the old Capitular block, instead of being opened up and laid bare from every point of view according to the unnatural and disastrous fashion so prevalent.

We have considered but a few representative churches. There are others in these regions of less magnitude, but of similar interest and significance; while even the village churches share in the privileges peculiar to their place and period. What we know concerning the recent fate of some of these leads one to fear much for others of which there is no report. Happy the place that has no history in the times through which we are passing!

BELGIUM.

We come to Belgium, the blameless victim of vandal barbarity. Of the fate of her historic buildings it is difficult

to speak with any semblance of calmness; while her treasures of art, both sacred and secular—memorials that have survived a hundred violences of the past, cities that have stood firm through a whole series of sieges—are being brought to dust in our sight; while the praise of antiquity preserved turns into a funeral oration as one writes. Let, however, some attempt be made, dealing in the first place with the civic buildings of this stricken land.

Everyone who is interested at all in architecture and antiquity knows personally, or by repute, her unequalled series of Town and Market Halls, the greatest of which—indeed the greatest in Europe, and one of the earliest—the Cloth Hall at Ypres, has so lately been wrecked by the invader. No act of vandalism so widespread or so wanton can be laid to their charge as the ruin of this unique edifice and the group of buildings associated with it. Nothing could be finer in its way than that vast symmetrical frontage of some 430 feet, with its high-pitched roof from the midst of which rose the sturdiest and stateliest of towers, crowned by a pointed spire of picturesque outline, all now broken and battered almost beyond recognition. This building, not being vaulted, must have been completely gutted, with all its ancient features and the fine series of modern historical frescoes. To its eastern end was attached a charming wing of early renaissance character, now totally destroyed. Less in extent are the *Halles* at Bruges, whose famous belfry, however,—that musical beacon of the Flemish plain—is unique in its size and character,—a lofty octagon reared upon the high square tower of earlier date. One can imagine that the builders aimed at outdoing, in height at least, their neighbours of Ypres, for there was much rivalry between the different Flemish cities. The Town Hall itself, in an adjoining *Place*, is a small but elegant building of the fourteenth century.

There follow in order of time the more ornate edifices of Brussels, Ghent, Oudenaerde and Louvain—buildings strongly resembling each other in their details, and whose exuberance the critic must in strictness condemn, while he marvels at the lightness, the delicacy and the playful grace of their pierced and traceried spires. Lesser ones too there are, and less, familiar, but delightful buildings: Mons, Mechlin, Termonde, Alost, Furnes, and others, some of which have passed through a fiery ordeal. As to the splendid structure at Louvain, it is hard indeed to give the devil his due, but it must be owned that he spared it, and apparently took some

pains to do so. The ancient Cloth Hall here, or part of it, was incorporated with the later University Buildings, and escaped entire destruction. With such leading examples we may associate the beautiful, unhappy Town Hall of Arras—for Artois was a border province connected now with France, and now with the Netherlands, and architecturally the Town Hall may be fairly included in the Low Country group. Its fallen belfry was the finest and fairest of all the later examples — no glorified pinnacle like Brussels, but a true tower, firm and four-square in its slenderness till, towards the summit, it broke into a lightsome cluster of lessening turrets and tiaras—much after the model of Antwerp. The loss of it, even should it be in some sort rebuilt, is a grievous one. The adjacent square is, or was, so singularly complete in its frontages of antique colonnaded houses that the authorities long since did all that human foresight could do to perpetuate them by classing the whole as a "Monument historique."

Side by side with these great Communal buildings — sometimes, as at Antwerp and Brussels,¹ literally so, sometimes in scattered units—stand the ancient Guildhalls of the several Crafts, with richly wrought gables, and appropriate trade-emblems. In such buildings, and in the general mass of old-world dwellings which form a setting for the rest, and give a tone and atmosphere to the whole, each city has its distinctive traditional type—an architectural dialect as it were—that distinguishes it from the others. None, except Bruges, was more richly furnished than Ypres with such memorials, public and private, with picturesque groups or charming individualities. Somewhat out of the beaten path of travel, and having escaped the modern prosperity of Ghent or Brussels or Antwerp, it is in the last degree calamitous that it should have found itself the focus-point of contending armies. The same facts, the same considerations, hold good almost equally of the ancient city of Mechlin.

In certain cases of organized savagery, such as Termonde and Louvain, there is a grim satisfaction in knowing that a great deal of it was expended on modern streets and quarters which leave nothing to regret—for nothing can exceed the baldness and monotony of the type of building and thoroughfare that found favour in Belgium before a certain

¹ It is of interest in present circumstances to note that in both these cases the original Guild-houses were rebuilt in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively after destruction by bombardment or other hostile operations.

revivalism declared itself. Again, one regards with something more than equanimity the British bombardment of Zeebrugge—a commercial venture which suggested to some of her most ardent friends that Bruges had mistaken her destiny.

The mediæval churches of Belgium, much as they impress one by their grandeur, rich as they often are in remains of their ancient equipment, are nevertheless inferior in technical merit to the churches of Northern France from which they, in common with the rest of the architectural world, derived much of their character and inspiration. Moreover, they are not to the same extent the offspring of one age and impulse, or the product of one race; for what we know to-day as Belgium is not of course an unmixed nationality. Localism (in itself a most interesting quality) is more marked, and due not only to the influence of this or that native or external school, but also to varying and less favourable building material—here a stubborn stone, there a simple brick. The type as well as the period of Tournai, for instance, differs widely from that of Antwerp; that of Flanders, again, from that of the Meuse country. The two cities named indeed, which happen to possess the two most considerable churches of the kingdom, afford indeed a striking contrast, both of date and style. The whole tradition of Tournai and its various churches is early, that of Antwerp is late. Tournai Cathedral¹ (ransomed lately at a price) is a memorable thing: a grand, massive Romanesque nave with apsidal transepts about which clusters a unique quintet of transitional steeples, while beyond them the great Gothic choir rises light and lofty and ornate. At Antwerp on the other hand, the Cathedral, though immensely wide,—having no less than seven parallel aisles inclusive of the old Guild-chapels—is comparatively low in elevation and late and commonplace in its forms. It is redeemed however by its majestic steeple — somewhat of an architectural fantasy perhaps, but one of exceeding skill and beauty; admirable not so much for its richness as for the poise and lightness of its crowning stages, springing as it were in successive jets to their final crest.

Many such mighty church-towers were projected and begun, for these single gigantic belfries seem by a natural law of contrast to have become the ideal of the Lowland

¹ It must be borne in mind that this alone of Belgian Cathedrals was built as such, the remainder having been, up till the Reformation period, only Collegiate Churches of the first rank. Liège of course had its Prince-Bishop, but his Cathedral Church was destroyed at the Revolution.

people and their architects.¹ Antwerp alone of its class and scale was completed. Mechlin, after soaring to a great height, stopped short at the Lantern stage, and remains a splendid *frustrum*. Mons and Diest alike were arrested at the level of the church roof. Of the former ambitious project the original design, drawn on parchment, still hangs within the great church of S. Wandru. Tongres, on a smaller scale, was more fortunate, but still appears to lack a terminal. It was Louvain, however, that aimed at eclipsing all rivals in the splendour and proportions of its Western front, and yet fell far short of accomplishment. This scheme has likewise been preserved, and a model of it stands in the Town Hall.

We must be satisfied to pass briefly in review a few more churches notable either in themselves or in their recent history. They fall architecturally, as has been said, into local groups. Those of Flanders as a whole are not of the quality of those in some other provinces, though no one will underrate the beautiful Cathedral Choirs of Bruges and Ghent, or forget the unadorned colossus of Nôtre Dame in the former city; or the charm of such little edifices as the Chapel of the S. Sang or the Jerusalem Church. When we near the French frontier, however, a finer strain appears. It is apparent in the early group of churches in Ypres, and prevails throughout that district, where the steeples of even the country churches are often of a commanding character and excellent design. The ancient Duchy of Brabant furnished a fine, though later, school.² Besides those already mentioned, such striking examples as Lierre (lying perilously within the outer ring of Antwerp forts) and Louvain (S. Pierre) must be noted. The latter ill-starred church is a building of the greatest beauty, at once ample, dignified and graceful in its lines. Protected by its vaulting, one clings to the hope that its beautiful contents have escaped grave injury—and notably the late-Gothic rood and roodscreen—which, though maltreated by its own custodians in days gone by, was still a most beautiful object. Lierre has a companion screen, but of more flamboyant character. Aerschot, that town of tragic associations, has a third, of charming design. The whole church, so sorely abused, is extremely fine, and re-

¹ This tendency may be observed in our own Lowland counties, as evinced by such piles as Boston and Ely and the whole series of Lincolnshire spires—and rarely did we leave any unfinished.

² Ste. Gudule, however, in the Capital, is not a remarkable church, but it stands almost alone in having two fine western towers brought to apparent completion.

markable for being constructed, even within, of white limestone and rich brown ironstone in alternating courses. Such a scheme of natural decoration one may find in certain churches of our own Northamptonshire, but carried out at Aerschot on a scale reminding one of the striated marbles of Italy.

But the richest, and perhaps the latest, of the few Gothic screens in Belgium—a marvel of profused and delicate carving—was that of Dixmude, a priceless work which seems to have perished utterly in the fierce duels between friend and foe. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!* Roofed in timber only, this fine church, like its neighbour at Nieuport, stood no chance of salvation, and became a perfect wreck.¹ Dixmude, like so many towns, had also a charming little Béguinage—a haunt of ancient peace become no doubt an abode of desolation. At Furnes, which is as yet virgin ground, are two large churches, the finer of which, Ste. Walburge, consists in a choir and transepts only and contains a very grand early renaissance screen and organ (not long since removed from their proper position) with choir-stalls to match. The chief church at Termonde, which certainly has not come through the furnace unscathed, is a spacious edifice with a central octagon and the broadside of aisle-gables so characteristic of the Belgian School.

In Liége and along the Meuse one naturally finds a Germanic strain of design. It is apparent both in the Romanesque and in the Gothic churches of that city—a highly interesting group, although characterized in the later examples by an over-luxuriance of ornament. The same criticism applies to the nevertheless very large and stately abbey church of St. Hubert, that famous place of pilgrimage. The grand *Colégiale* of Huy, also left intact by the invader, is a remarkable building of great size and beauty. Its eastern apse, lit by windows of extraordinary and unbroken height and vaulted in intricate lines, is the finest example of the later Teutonic type peculiar to this region. The church has three fine towers and a side portal of admirable design. At Dinant

¹ I well remember the impressive aspect of this church on a September evening in 1910. Through the west window the sunset cast a warm red glow on the sculptured intricacies of the high stone screen and upon the great Rood surmounting it, while the lofty choir gathered in almost unbroken shadow behind. Presently a small congregation came together, the tapers at a side-altar beneath the screen were lit, and a devotional little Benediction Service was held in the waning daylight. Who could have dreamed that such a scene as this in such a setting, after persisting daily through the centuries, was shortly to cease and be extinguished in a tempest of death and destruction?

the burning of the roofs of Nôtre Dame entailed the destruction of that most singular, yet in its actual setting not picturesque, steeple whose bulbous body joined the twin towers of the much earlier and more orthodox façade. What further injuries the church has suffered one may more or less divine, but this familiar landmark is gone.

How many of the foregoing places have not been brought into a dreadful notoriety? Of some it may be said, in the words of Dupanloup—was it not?—of Castelfidardo: "*Hier vous étiez inconnus; aujourd'hui vous êtes immortels!*"—but with how mournful an immortality. And who knows whether the tale of ruin be yet closed? In the material resurrection that is to follow what shall be the lot of these shattered churches and these wasted townships? Restoration and reconstruction there must be. But let us hope that where "restoration" only of antiquity is required, it will be of a more conservative order (ironic as it may sound) than has been customary in Belgium, remembering that historic authenticity is more important than completeness, that the scars of war are honourable, and that an ancient building is generally best left to tell, as far as may be, its own tale, albeit a painful one. To certain buildings at least these maxims will be applicable. As regards the wholesale rebuilding of ruined streets and quarters, this work should afford wide openings for that Belgian school of design which has striven, though with unequal results, to recover a style of architecture at once national, traditional and artistic.

From the universal indignation excited by the outrages committed at Rheims, at Ypres, at Mechlin and elsewhere, arises another reflection; namely, the potent appeal made by mediæval art and architecture to all that is reverent, romantic or religious in the modern breast. Who has bewailed, in this sense, the shattered Cathedral of Arras or of Namur? Who would weep for the Palais-de-Justice at Brussels? or be inconsolable for a vengeance taken on Berlin? For academic architecture one can drop but an academic tear, but the true Gothic Art is a living thing which touches all the higher sensibilities. The public tribute has been paid, not to art and history alone, but also to the spiritual force and feeling that breathe in the works of a purely Catholic age and people, and to the religious ideals which informed its finest creations.

W. RANDOLPH.

Germany's Original Plan of Campaign.

AMID the deluge of war articles which have flooded our magazines during the last few months it is curious that little or no notice has been taken of a document which, though now of secondary importance for professional tacticians, is of considerable interest to the general reader. I refer to the alleged German plan of campaign which was published last February in the leading French military review, *Le Journal des Sciences militaires*.¹ The story told, when the document thus appeared in a French translation, was that it had been left behind in a German railway carriage and that it was found there by a French officer who chanced to occupy the compartment alone when travelling between Strassburg and Lunéville, in Alsace-Lorraine. The extreme simplicity of this story can hardly fail to raise a doubt in the mind of the suspicious reader, whose scepticism has probably been developed by his experiences of popular journalism during this time of war. None the less, there is nothing intrinsically impossible in the supposition that even a German staff officer, in a hurried descent from a train, may have omitted to replace an important paper in his despatch case, and, whatever the account given of its provenance, there are certainly the gravest reasons for believing the document itself to be authentic.

To begin with, it seems quite incredible that the editor of a responsible military journal like the *Journal des Sciences militaires* would publish such a paper without satisfying himself as to the reliability of the source from which he obtained it. The finder of this treasure-trove, who is also the translator, does not give his name, but as his account makes it clear that he had no business to be travelling in the prohibited region in which he had been trespassing, that reticence is very intelligible. On the other hand, the editor, who cannot have had any possible object in misleading his professional readers by the publication of a bogus document, beyond question believed it to be authentic. Not

¹ 15 Feb., 16th Series, vol. vii. 1914, pp. 337--371. Subscription, 35 francs a year.

only the prominence given to it in the number, but the fact that a large-scale folding map was specially engraved to illustrate it makes this abundantly clear. Above all, it must be remembered that this paper was published in a high-priced technical journal, read by military men only, at a time when there was no immediate anticipation of hostilities. If after the war had begun, a mysterious document, professing to contain the confidential instructions of the German Head Quarters Staff, had been printed by such a newspaper as, say, the *Matin* or the *Daily Mail*, there might be a thousand reasons for suspecting an imposture, but in February, 1914, there was no war scare. The plan of mobilization had considerable interest for experts, but for experts only, and as a matter of fact, the general public seem to have paid no attention to these revelations at all.

But what is even more cogent as evidence of the genuineness of the scheme of attack, here outlined, is its substantial agreement with the actual course of events. In several respects the plan had to be modified, for, as we shall see, the *status quæstionis* was fundamentally altered at the very outset. What is more, the German Staff will have learned at once that the broad outlines of their strategy were known and had been published by the enemy, but, for all that, the guiding principle which animates the offensive thus foreshadowed is in exact agreement with the general tactics which have been followed by the German commanders throughout the campaign down to the present moment. However, this is a point upon which the reader must be left to draw his own conclusions. Whether authentic or spurious, this document, printed in a French military journal as far back as last February, is of extraordinary interest. We may content ourselves consequently with giving a synopsis of its less technical provisions, abstaining for the most part from further comment.

According to the discoverer's account the document was found by him on December 15, 1913, in the overhead rack of a first-class railway carriage. It was contained in a flexible morocco wrapper, fastened by a strap and brass buckle. Inside the wrapper were stamped in gilt letters the words, "Inspector General's Department of the VII Army, Head Quarters Strassburg on Main." The document was headed:

PLAN OF CONCENTRATION OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN
THE EVENT OF AN EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

The cover further bears the words: "In force until further notice—20 Nov. 1913."

The Memorandum begins by pointing out that supposing the peace of Europe to be broken in the near future, the disturbance will probably originate in the East. Russia, it is declared, possesses interests in those regions which date from time immemorial. It is possible, therefore, that this Power will be the first to take up arms. As soon as these preparations have gone so far as to become disquieting, the moment will have come for Germany to declare war against France. "We must not shrink, if necessary, from the appearance of being the aggressors, for we may be sure that Russia's mobilization would never have been set on foot if the two Powers had not made up their minds to undertake a common offensive." The object of France, the Power primarily interested, would simply be to gain time while Russia was completing her preparations. It should be remembered, however, "that in making war upon our western neighbours we must also expect to provoke the hostility of England."

The memorandum then goes on to discuss the probable attitude of Austria, Italy and Spain. It is a curious fact and a point which would alone go very far to establish the authenticity of the document, that the writer frankly expresses his belief that Austria is not any longer to be depended upon as the firm ally of Germany. "So far," he says, "we have always counted upon the help of Austria against Russia. That support has now become problematical. The recent events in the Balkans have changed the situation." Prudence, he goes on to argue, consequently forbids Germany to build upon the hope of any effective aid in that quarter. The importance of this point of view can hardly be overrated. Supposing this to have been really the conviction which prevailed in high military circles at the end of the year 1913 and in the early months of 1914, would it not have been an enormous temptation, when Austria a few months later was found to be embroiled with Serbia, and through Serbia with Russia itself, would it not have been, we say, an enormous temptation to Germany to seize at once upon an opportunity which might not readily occur again? If Austria began the quarrel and Germany appeared upon the scene nominally as Austria's ally and supporter, the Emperor Francis Joseph would not then be able to draw back. His armies would be pledged irrevocably to bear the first shock of the Russian campaign

and the military resources of Germany would in a proportionate degree be economized. That such a motive really influenced the counsels of the rulers of Germany cannot be asserted without fuller knowledge, but we may note meanwhile that the gain of Austria to the Pangermanist cause, hardly hoped for in November, 1913, would alone suffice to account for very considerable modifications in the scheme which we are now considering. That plan of campaign was drawn up on the supposition that Austria would stand aloof. The active participation of that neighbouring Power must inevitably have changed at least the relative disposition of the various Army Corps in the eastern and western theatres of war, and it was probably responsible for the adoption of a much more drastic policy of aggression in Belgium than seems contemplated in the memorandum before us.

Turning from Austria to the other member of the Triple Alliance, the document notes that "as generally happens in similar coalitions," Italy also can only be counted upon so far as her own interest may dictate her policy. As things stand at present, her ties with England, the dangers to which her fleet would be exposed in the event of war, the promises that might be made to her regarding the acquisition of territory to the north-east of the Adriatic, &c., would dissuade her at first from throwing in her lot with Germany. Italy, says the Memorandum, will wait until the scale has decisively turned, and then adopt the cause of the victor. If we can secure an overwhelming success in France at an early date, the invasion of the south-eastern provinces of the Republic by the forces of Italy will be of considerable service to us at the moment when we shall have to turn our arms to the side of Russia. We have nothing specially to gain by hurrying Italy into a decision. After a great victory won by us in France, she will be very useful in setting our troops free, but before that time she would be of no particular service. With so many of her men detained in Tripoli she would not strike hard enough or soon enough to constitute an effective diversion in our favour.

With regard to Spain the Memorandum considers it possible that that country may throw in her lot with the Triple Entente. Seeing, however, that she has many of her more available troops in Morocco and that her mobilization must necessarily be very slow, we shall have plenty of time to consider what measures had best be taken in the event of her

siding against us. The author of the document accordingly comes to the conclusion that for the practical purpose of drafting a plan of campaign, Austria, Italy and Spain, for the time being, may be left out of account, or to use his own words:

The considerations set out above render it imperative for us to proceed upon the assumption that we shall have to stand alone in encountering the combined arms of France and Russia, who will be aided very possibly by England.

The hostile intervention of England is not, however, so the writer considers, to be taken as a certainty, and he proceeds to discuss the situation as follows:

The principal strength of England lies in her navy. It is under the protection of this naval force that she may attempt to disembark an army on the Continent, the strength of which may be estimated at two Army Corps, provided with a good proportion of cavalry. Haunted by the nightmare of a German invasion, the English will probably not decide to risk their expeditionary force by sending it to the Continent until after many hesitations and after having attempted to annihilate our fleet. If this should be the case England's intervention will come too late. The vital issue will already have been reached, supposing always that we lose no time in striking a decisive blow against one or other of the two remaining partners of the Triple Entente. Nevertheless we ought not to neglect the hypothesis that England may arrive at a decision on the very first day and determine at once to put her army at the service of her allies. Such being the case we must not leave the contingency out of account because it is improbable. The fact of its possibility is enough to make it necessary to consider it. In 1870 Moltke had little fear that the French would be likely to march on the Rhine through Belgium, but he nevertheless made his plans with an eye to this contingency.

Having thus cleared the ground and stated the conditions of the problem, the Memorandum proceeds to deal with the question of the delivery of that decisive blow, which, as the writer insists again and again, must be struck at once if Germany unaided is to cope successfully with two such powerful rivals. The main point, naturally, which comes up for solution is whether this first overwhelming attack is to be delivered in the eastern or the western theatre of the war, in other words, against Russia or against France. Without following the discussion further than to note that the writer considers the defences of the western frontier of the German empire

so strong that 200,000 or 300,000 men could hold them for months against the whole power which France could concentrate in that region, the conclusion none the less is unhesitatingly arrived at that a blow should be struck at once with overwhelming force against the enemy in the west before Russia has time to mass her legions and make any formidable attack upon Silesia or East Prussia. France must at all costs be compelled to fight a decisive engagement. The Memorandum is sanguine in its estimate of the time necessary to effect this:

We may count upon it without fear of mistake that by the second week of the war a great encounter will take place, the result of which, supposing it to be decided in our favour, will perhaps force England and Spain, if not Russia, to return to its sheath the sword which they would by that time have partially drawn. The same victory will ensure us without doubt the active co-operation of Italy.

The present position of the German and the allied armies in the west after five months of nearly continuous fighting offers rather a grim commentary upon the optimism of this estimate. One has to remind oneself that the words are in any case no *ex post facto* satire, but stood in print a good six months before the war was even dreamed of. Moreover, the same sanguine tone is maintained throughout. For example:

It is probable that France, having employed all her available troops in the first battle, will be incapable of prolonging the struggle and will accept the conditions which we shall impose. If she rejects them a few hundred thousand men taken from our troops of the second line and acting in concert with the armies of Italy, will suffice to guard the territory conquered, whether Spain and England take part against us or not. As for the bulk of our forces they will be conveyed by rail to meet the Russian advance.

The whole scheme, from the first page to the last, is penetrated with the conviction that everything depends upon the importance of securing an overwhelming success at the very outset.

To sum up [the writer says in one place] France is our principal adversary. Her immediate defeat will at once light up the political horizon, her rapid overthrow will set us completely free to conduct back the whole of our active forces and to settle matters once for all with Russia, either near our eastern frontier, or on the line Breslau-Danzig, or on the Oder.

This first campaign, it is elsewhere stated, in the course of which France as a military power will have sustained a crushing and irretrievable overthrow, "will last at the utmost four weeks, our transport back from west to east included." Most assuredly something has gone wrong with the time-table of the German Head Quarters Staff, and the invasion of France has not proved quite the picnic they seem to have anticipated.

But while insisting upon the importance of striking a decisive blow at the outset, the Memorandum is also precise as to the means to be taken in order to accomplish this result. The great difficulty which stands in the way of concentrating a sufficient mass of troops to overwhelm French resistance is shown to be the narrowness of the space available on Germany's western frontier between the confines of Switzerland on the South and those of Belgium and Luxemburg on the north. Already even in 1870 von Moltke, though he had only 400,000 men, found the difficulty of deploying them effectively in this narrow space, much of which is obstructed either by mountainous country like the Vosges or by almost impassable marshy lowlands. The Memorandum accordingly draws the conclusion that an imperative military necessity forces upon Germany the violation of neutral territory either to the south or to the north of the common frontier. In the former case Switzerland will have to be invaded, and it is not necessary to detail here the reasons which are put forward as rendering this alternative the less advisable. We are only interested to note that the preference, supported by all kinds of military considerations, is given to the Belgian route or, as the writer prefers to call it, that through "the two Luxemburgs."¹ The great advantage which this course offers is the possibility of executing an enveloping movement which would aim at bending back the French left wing and eventually taking the main position of the French army in the rear. The writer estimates that the whole force which France can put into the field, even if supplemented by her possible British allies, cannot form a line which will stretch further north from Belfort than the apex of Argonne, that is just above Chesne Populeux.² For this reason he seems to be satisfied that it will not be necessary

¹ He means the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and Belgian Luxemburg, *i.e.* that portion of Belgium which lies south of the Meuse.

² P. 357.

to cross the Meuse but that while violating Belgian neutrality by marching through her territory on the right bank of the river, the strongholds of Liège and Namur should be left undisturbed, an army of some 200,000 men being posted to guard the lines of communication and to keep in check any offensive movement on the part of the Belgian army. In this respect, of course, the plan now before us was departed from at the very outset of the present campaign. It seems probable that, apart from the fact that the scheme had already been published in France, the co-operation of Austria set free a large number of troops who would otherwise have been needed to defend the eastern frontier against a premature Russian advance. Having many more army corps to bring to bear upon the French position, it was probably decided that all these troops could not be effectively employed in a turning movement unless more room were gained by advancing along the north bank of the Meuse as well. The need of striking a crushing blow and striking it quickly is reiterated again and again. For example we read:

All our plans must be controlled by one primary and imperative necessity, that of establishing on our right wing an incontestable superiority of the most overwhelming kind both in active troops and in reserves, to the end that, come what may, we may outflank the left wing of the enemy and force it back irresistibly towards the south, cutting it off from Paris.

If our brave British troops, who have throughout been identified with the left wing of the allied army, have had an exceptionally hard time it is fair to note that everything in the Memorandum before us suggests that this would inevitably be bound to happen whatever had been the composition of the more northerly portion of the allied force. Thus it distinctly states in another passage that "our whole offensive must consist of a vast turning movement. In this way we economize our forces in Alsace and in the Vosges."

Be this, however, as it may, the intention of violating Belgian neutrality is stated without the least disguise in the plan of campaign before us. For example, when the more technical details are given as to the movement and distribution of troops we read:

Our plan is therefore to enter the Grand Duchy and Belgian Luxemburg on the third day with the seven divisions of cavalry of the right wing and the VII and VIII army corps. . . .

On the third day our minister at Brussels will deliver to the Belgian Government a note drafted beforehand, offering excuses for the imperious necessity which compels us to make use for our operations of the roads and railways situated south of the Meuse. In very friendly terms our requirements will there be specified and a clear hint would be given of compensations which Belgium might earn by an attitude, not indeed friendly—that would be too much to expect—but even hostile in tone, provided such hostility were only a matter of form and abstained from active resistance.

Elsewhere it is suggested that promises of an extension of territory should be made to Belgium, to take effect at the conclusion of a general peace, and a hope is expressed that if the Belgian Government are satisfied that the Germans have no intention of crossing the Meuse they may be content to concentrate their troops in Antwerp or at least to maintain a defensive attitude north of the Meuse. "In this case we should not seek them out."

On the question of principle the following passage is interesting:

Such a concentration of our right undoubtedly involves further the violation of the neutrality of these countries, but this consideration cannot deter us any more than it will deter our adversary. If victory is to be won at the cost of the violation of treaties, treaties will weigh little in the balance, and victory will reinstate them again. And in any case who is there that can enforce respect for the rights of neutral states? The great powers that have guaranteed them? But they will themselves be involved in the struggle. Consequently the only evil consequence of violating Belgian neutrality will be that we shall have one more enemy arrayed against us—to wit, Belgium herself, but the sacrifice which it will be necessary to make to neutralise any attack by her troops upon our right flank is far less than those that would be entailed if we aroused the hostility of Switzerland. On the other hand the two Luxemburghs offer a country easy of passage, well supplied with railways, some of which have long already been controlled by patriotic Germans. By this route, lastly, our right wing strikes the French frontier at the point nearest to Paris, the true heart of France.

This is surely cynical enough and seems in full accord with the spirit of the famous "scrap of paper" utterance. It is at any rate obvious that when this scheme was drafted by the Head Quarters Staff the policy followed was one of pure expediency.

And now, finally, what of England's part in this scheme? Perhaps the most interesting points to notice are, first, the estimate that England cannot send out an expeditionary force of more than 70,000 effective troops; secondly, the doubt expressed whether England would be willing to despatch any expeditionary force at all; but thirdly, the recognition throughout that England will probably take part in the war and will act in alliance with France or Belgium. It is difficult to understand, in the light of this clear acceptance of England's attitude and of her relations with her two other partners in the *entente*, why she has been singled out in Germany for such special animosity, as if by taking up arms she had been guilty of some signal act of perfidy. The writer of the document quite seems to recognize that England will feel bound to range herself with either France or Belgium but hopes that she may delay, and that if she delays long enough she may be deterred by prudential motives from entering upon the conflict at all. Consequently, in considering the possibility that England might land her force in Belgium, he remarks:

A disembarkment (of the English) in Belgium concerns us more immediately in so far as this might exercise a direct influence on our operations in France, supposing us to be led, as everything suggests, to use the routes of the Grand Duchy and Belgian Luxemburg in order to invade France. In this case we shall be compelled to be the first to violate the neutrality of these territories, an act which will incur the hostility of Belgium. We shall therefore have to make dispositions to guard our right flank and our rear against the attack of the Belgian army reinforced by the English. We shall see further on that the importance of the sacrifice to which we must resign ourselves to assure the complete safety of our principal armies, is not so great that it can induce us to give up our plans of passing through the two Luxemburgs, if we consider this indispensable to the success of our designs.¹

Another possibility is that England might land a force on the coast of Germany.

If England decides to invade our sea-board—and nothing would serve our interests better, since 70,000 good troops would in this way be deducted from our enemies on the west in the region of the decisive struggle—this will only be after our fleet has suffered a severe defeat. It is to be presumed that they will

¹ P. 343.

not succeed so soon and that the struggle with France will have terminated in our favour before this threat will have taken active effect. And once France is beaten England will no longer dare to embark upon such an adventure. Our three divisions of Landwehr which we set aside for the defence of our shores can in that case be utilized in France to hold conquered territory.

It will, of course, be understood that a very considerable part of the document which we have been discussing deals with technicalities relating to the movements and specification of bodies of troops. But these details are now, in any case, ancient history and would be interesting only to the professional soldier. But in view of the bitter controversy regarding the causes of the war and the responsibility of the respective belligerents, the line of argument which discloses the mind and purpose of the German Head Quarters Staff six months before the war began are of importance to all the world.

In calling attention to these facts we have no wish to deepen national resentments. Our only purpose is to justify the Government and people of Great Britain in the action they have taken. But we conclude with one simple question. Will any impartial person, who believes that the document we have analyzed faithfully represents the mind of the rulers of Germany just twelve months ago, find anything blame-worthy in the fact that the violation of Belgian neutrality on August 4th was deemed by His Majesty's Ministers to be a *casus belli* calling for a prompt and immediate response? Would not England have rendered herself unworthy of the place she holds among the nations if she had hesitated in her reply?

HERBERT THURSTON.

SAINT STEPHEN.

"Christus ergo caput Martyrum prior passus est pro nobis, relinquens vobis exemplum. . . . Cujus passionis vestigia persecutus beatissimus Stephanus, confitendo Christum lapidatus a Judæis, coronam meruit tanquam suo sibi nomine positam. Stephanus enim græce, latine corona appellatur." (S. Augustini sermo de S. Stephano.)

I knelt before the Holy in His stall
And saw the Babe, the Maid, the wond'ring hind;
And in the pensive silence of the place
Musing that this should fall,—
That trammelling of our sinful flesh should bind
And straiten God's own Self to time and space!
That for man's sake
The Heir of Heaven's high Majesty should make
This dank, unlovely cattle-shed His seat
Chosen of all the earth,—
His refuge and retreat,
His place of birth!
That dread, flame-uttering Seraphim should pay
Worship of wonder to the Child that lay
Cradled in hay!

So pondering, was I ware
Of one, that erstwhile stood unnoted there,
Distinct athwart the dimly-lighted space;
No angel, yet who wore an angel face,
Blissful beyond a poet's pen to tell,
Stoed in a robe all rosy-hued that fell
About his feet and made great splendour there,
Fold upon fold of fiery splendour there,
Burning like rubies netted in a gleam
Of argent glory from a cloudless moon
That pours its lustrous stream
Thro' night's entranced noon.

Marvelling I marked him well
And knew him,—Blessed Stephen; for he bore
In careful arm claspt to his shining breast
(Meseemed it, all too tenderly caress'd
For such a cruel store!)
That gift so fiercely by his foes bestowed,
The stones now richly dyed, whereof a road—
A dolorous road he fashioned, and so trod
From martyrdom to God.
And straightway I grew sad; and saddening said
Unto the Holy in His manger-bed:—

" Ah, little One! that art so human-sweet,
 Here, where the orient-vestured Cherubim
 Stand quiring at Thy Feet,
 The heaven-shaking thunder of their hymn
 Making a silence for Thy meekness meet,
 Here will I dare, (Nay! count it not a sin
 Should this my quest
 Disturb Thy holy rest,
 Thou art so closely kin
 To human kind in such a dear disguise
 That shuts Thy Godhead from our mortal eyes:)
 Here will I dare to query plaintive-wise
 Of Thy mysterious ways,
 That, in the blurring mist of our dull gaze
 Unschool'd to bear the sky's meridian rays,
 Seem tortuous and perplex.
 Jesu! let not my bold complaining vex!
 But see, Thy servant Stephen,—could'st not find
 Some passing less unkind,
 Some road less rough to bring him to Thy bliss?
 Ah, Babe! so sweetly clad in our poor clay,
 In Thy omniscient mind
 Was there no gentler way,
 No way less rude, yet all so sure as this? "

And Jesus smiled
 Looking with soft, blue eyes to Mary mild,
 Who, from her rapturous adoration, said:—
 " Thou, querulous! wouldst thou the more appraise
 This crown as precious that it bore no gem?
 High God hath kinglier ways;
 Who of His royal fulness doth not make
 Mean gifts, nor scantily take.
 Is't more to thee, the unjewell'd diadem?
 A crown so rarely dight
 Shines passing glorious in God's awful sight.
 Cease, then, thy plaining tones,
 Thy anxious questionings keep:
 To Stephen, leave his life-emblazoned stones,
 To Jesus, sleep!"

The lights burned low, the worshippers were gone,
 And I before the crib knelt all alone.

F. REYNOLDS.

The Amateur Angelico.

BROTHER ANGELICO, of Florence, whole centuries past, prayed, wept, and painted. It was his custom, in cell, in corridor, or quiet chapel—wherever the work would be—to assemble to his aid as much of Heaven as heeded, by prayer for help that Christ's feet be rightly limned or the face of Mary clearly holy. Therefore his Saints pray really, not posture, and the Angels that crept so easily into his design, dance or are sad, or uplifted, according as Angelico desired. And, should there be defects in draughtsmanship, his seraphic onlookers showed him courtesy and so helped him, that, from his work to this day world-weary folk see for themselves that Heaven is a happy place.

And, when he touched earth and tenderly put down the Annunciation, as it seemed to him, in that frail work they treasure at Madrid, there comes across the years to modern men a waft of Angelico the innocent.

It is terrible this innocence of his which, as you come from the Calle de Atocha, in from the splendid Prado, alive with energy and fashion and aristocracy, sets before you a little doll-like shrine, with timid pillars and curved roof upon which are stars painted, and under which, enthroned and missal on knee, Our Blessed Lady received Gabriel.

From this shrine goes a little doorway into an inner room, small and cold and virginal. But outside there is a wonderful garden heavy with flowers and green bushes, and across whose grasses go guiltily Eve and Adam, away from the excluding angel and his fiery sword. At their feet are tumbled the tragical apples for which we, too, have been sacrificed, but from the sky beyond Paradise shoots a beam of pure light straight towards Blessed Mary, over whose head a small bird sits. Thus Angelico, *anno domini* 1381.

But now, in modern days, it was Francis Blake who would paint Mary. He, a boy with a precocity for the brush, would put down the Mother of God in all the beauty and understanding with which Catholicity, uncommon imagination and

ability inspired him. And to him, also, it was obvious that if you wished to paint Mary well you must ask her to let you. He carried this idea further, and on his knees put before her his artistic plans in similar fashion to the monk of Florence, five hundred years ago.

Francis was sixteen and still at school. To-day being Saturday, he had rushed home so as to benefit by the full light of the afternoon for his painting.

At the back of the house a disused bedroom had been allowed him for a studio, and so much was this his particular sanctuary that he had been allotted a key.

School-bag cast down in a corner he tore through a meal. His mother suggested that he should eat more slowly, and on his explaining the possession of an idea, considered wisely that ideas should not be allowed to imperil digestion. But the boy was dreaming and scarcely heard or took in the drift of her sensible remarks.

The meal over he flew upstairs, feeling for his key, and flung the studio door open wide. A reek of oils and turpentine gushed out, but in he went like a nature-lover into a wood, for the smell fascinated him and was fruitful with visions. A warm glow reflected from the reddish brick backs of houses, hot with sunshine, flooded through the window, filling the room with mellow light and noiseless acclamation. It was as though seas of peace were imprisoned by the four walls, and this small room might be—so it seemed—an eyrie high as the sun, where anything might happen. Yes, he would commence his Madonna.

He turned towards a corner encumbered with hat and dress-boxes, begged from his mother, which he had filled brimful of sketched-out ideas upon innumerable patches of paper. His sketches were roughly divided in order of excellence and each box had its particular brand of quality. Against this burden of treasure stood his newly-purchased canvas (how he had saved the necessary shillings and with what pride he had carried it home!) He hoisted the canvas upon his easel, a sombre, heavy affair; from a box took his sketch of what his Madonna must be, and from a tray sticks of charcoal. Then, in a corner removed from the window he went down on knees and prayed.

He was not particularly good at prayer—that is at prayer as popularly understood. By the time his fourth Our Father or Hail Mary was said, usually he had lost himself in speculation and imaginative dreams. And this speculation of

his was not a definite plodding from fact to fact, but a being caught up and knowing things without being able to reason about them. For the while he, in a way, lost consciousness of material surroundings, so that, when visions were gone and he found himself at home, or wherever his body might be, it was always with a shock, as though a worker in a mine, come up into the blinding silver of day, had suddenly found the cage again descend and himself plunged into the familiar pit.

So it was not long ere the pregnant studio surroundings—the eyrie where anything might happen—the infinite mellow peace of afternoon, his own imagination, and who knows what help from angels that surely were there, took Francis far away from the rational world of average men. To him it was thoroughly real and vivid what he saw.

It was Nazareth, because of the stillness. She had come in from the dusty path into the little house where they lived, the three of them. Outside the appalling sunlight made Heaven like white paper upon which the country encroached, a gradual stain. But in the house was coolness—walls and water pot and crude furniture in various umbers and, where a window slotted the wall, a sheave of light streamed in and lay upon the floor.

The lithe olive woman had entered soundlessly, and from where he stood he had not yet seen her—not until he put down the adze. Then:

“Mother!”

“My Son?”

Yes, that was how He would look at her, and that too would be her tone in addressing Him. And, perhaps, she would kiss His cheek.

Then, it seemed, He turned back and went to the door. He was framed there with the sheeted sunlight pouring past and swirling the shadows inwards from His feet, as Mary, His Mother, took coarse flour and water from the cool pot. Companionably a small bird in passing had perched on His shoulders.

Again, it was in the City. Nazareth, with its repose, that looked so small under the sky, was far away, for deeply in their sands the years had buried the loneliness of the Boyhood and now the Man had spoken His Mind, and so was to be killed. Jerusalem, the town of consequence, was in an uproar composed of many elements. Curiosity was there with open mouth and eyes staring over men's shoulders. Satis-

faction and exultation shone from the faces of the Pharisees and Scribes who, at last, were on the highroad to plucking a bitter thorn from their flesh. There was amusement too, for many saw the government uneasy at being brought into such intimate contact with the annoying stranger, and enjoyed the priests' catching up of Pilate—"Thou art no friend to Cæsar."

Many would not leave the City to follow the prisoner to execution, from various reasons. Some were too respectable to be seen with a rabble, some condemned the whole thing, some were indolent. But a good number of unimportant folk left the walls and clambered to Golgotha.

They hustled Him in their midst as best they could so as to get the business over quickly and be back in town. But the Cross they had let Him carry was almost too much for Him and He went down under it three times before the summit was reached.

There it thudded to the baked ground "and they crucified Him."

A sort of unnatural mirth possessed those who remained near the Cross, the gamblers and those who were busy over the division of His garments gave way to a ready excitement that seemed inspired by a revulsion from the general, unexplained depression over the place. The Tree went right up against a thundrous sky and the body of the criminal was a dreadful white scar on the indigo clouds.

Apart from the ignorant and uneasy groups, gathered just under the Gibbet were the three women—Mary, His Mother, Mary Magdalen, and the other Mary.

They were a group frozen beyond sobs, Magdalen and the other Mary were slightly together so that His Mother was solitary when His Blood trickled down. What could be her thoughts? In that mangled soul what was there left to feel or to think with definition? What *could* she think of it all?

But at that the crystal in which Francis had seen these things shivered, his imagination, which had soared so extraordinarily high, discovered an atmosphere so rarified its wings beat in vain. He came to earth quite suddenly.

The room had come back to him—his canvas, sketches, boxes, paints.

"Mother Mary! Mother Mary!" he whispered softly, dry of throat. Then he took up his charcoal, stood to his easel and began.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

"Into the Way of Peace."

MILITARISM, the cult of war for its own sake as an essential means of self-expression and self-assertion, as the readiest and most obvious way of securing one's desires, as the forcing-ground of all manly virtues, as an integral element of progress, as, in fact, a "biological necessity," it is this un-Christian or, rather, anti-Christian spirit that is the most prolific source of international strife. But this spirit itself is generated from the corruption of two perfectly Christian things, Nationality, or the combination of families and tribes to form a moral whole for purposes of security and progress, and Patriotism, or devotion to the interests of the community thus formed. Where Nationality is so emphasized as to obscure the common origin and destiny of all the human race, when Patriotism is cultivated without reference to the just rights of other nations or even to the laws of God, then they issue in an arrogant and overbearing disposition towards the "foreigner," which finds a natural expression in the employment of physical force as the most direct and efficacious method of imposing one's will upon him. We see the spirit in its clearest embodiment in that Prussian military caste which engineered the present war, but it exists amongst all nations in so far as they have not assimilated or have rejected the ethos of Christianity. It has been rampant in Great Britain in the past. British arrogance, fed by the false ideals and the self-glorification of our popular histories, and by a superabundance of "Jingo" literature of every class,¹ is still a byword amid the nations of Europe, and one of the most scathing of Lowell's essays, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," shows how it was felt and resented in the New World. The wonderful growth of the British Empire, due

¹ One has only to take up a paper like the *Saturday Review*, with its constant laudation of the military ideal and its depreciation of other nations, especially the Irish and the American, to recognize the danger which still lurks in our midst.

to the restless energy and tenacity of the race and to a series of accidents rather than to a settled policy, naturally induces the conviction in British hearts that the Briton possesses in a remarkable degree the political art. The many acts of aggression and injustice, especially to lower races, that marred its story, as the story of every Empire is marred, the very gradual appreciation (perhaps not yet fully realized, although stimulated by such costly failures as the loss of the American colonies and the prolonged mishandling of Ireland) of the fact that government is only justified when exercised for the good of the governed, the late development of the spirit of religious toleration—all these things, so helpful to the growth of national modesty, are apt to be overlooked by the modern "Britisher," conscious only of belonging to a world-wide federation of free peoples, united by the slightest of political bonds and yet more really one than the military Empires opposed to it. Respect for individual liberty, care for social welfare, reverence for law, the effective compromise between voluntary action and State initiative on which we so pride ourselves—these desirable qualities did not always characterize the British polity, and they are still capable of fuller development amongst us. A great deal of sober historical reading and clear political thinking will be necessary if the real lessons of the war are to bear their proper fruit in an enlightened public opinion.

Unfortunately we are handicapped, not only by the false historical writings of the past,¹ but also by the chaos of modern philosophy and religious belief in our midst. Were it not that Christian principles are so obviously in accord with the highest dictates of reason and the best instincts of the human race that they often survive the abandonment of institutional religion, there would be but a poor prospect of their influence being felt in the coming political rearrangement. As it is, the future is very uncertain. So many of the nations concerned have thrown off the guidance of the

¹ The striking unanimity of German opinion to-day in regard to the aims of Great Britain and Russia is due to a generation of systematic teaching of the German historical ideal in the Secondary Schools of the Empire. See a valuable paper entitled "National Purpose in German Education" in *Studies for December*, by the Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J. A drastic remedy, suggested by a writer in the *American Forum* [December], for this early inculcation of national pride and prejudice shows that its harmfulness is widely felt: "If all the school histories of the world [he writes] were carefully collected and cremated, and replaced by a series of international text-books compiled under the direction of an international committee, a great forward step would be taken in the direction of decency and true education."

one institution ordained by Providence to curb the excesses of Nationality, and to direct the aspirations of Patriotism that sound views on these fundamental points are likely to be at a discount. Nowhere are the limits of national aspirations so clearly and definitely traced as in the teaching of that Church, which embraces all nations and stands for the maintenance of a bond far stronger and more permanent than the forces which favour disunion. Consequently the disintegration of Christendom in the sixteenth century, by setting undue emphasis upon the principle of nationality, added a new disruptive influence, religious antagonism, to the already existing sources of international hostility. Then there arose in north-western Europe those negations of the Christian ideal, "national" Churches. The civil power invaded the domain of the spiritual and the Cæsarism of pagan times was restored. The higher unity of all mankind as children of the one great Father was obscured. The State presumed to guide the consciences and religious practices of its subjects, and the common law of Christendom no longer availed to check tyranny at home and aggression abroad. Catholicism in undivided Europe had not, indeed, prevented war, but it had gradually mitigated its horrors, and, in so far as its influence went, tended to remove its causes. After the Reformation, these causes got a fresh accession of vigour. Protestantism, which had no principle of unity in itself, has done nothing to unite those who profess it. It has destroyed, not only the common canons of belief, but also the common standard of morality. With no logical basis or coherent development, non-Catholic Christianity falls an easy prey to aggressive rationalism, which, as a matter of fact, has already infected it to an alarming extent.

We have already suggested in this Review that the principles now in conflict upon the European stage are, ultimately, the Darwinian and the Christian theories of civilization. Whatever individual Germans may say in repudiation of Bernhardt and Treitschke—and certainly no Catholic could uphold the ethics of these writers—it is their spirit (to judge by official utterances and still more by their translation into action) that has prompted and influenced the German authors of this great struggle. Darwinism, knowing nothing of God's Providence, is haunted by the bugbear of an earth become too small to support its inhabitants, and to avert that fancied calamity is ready to advocate race-suicide and assert the

necessity of war.¹ Moreover, arguing from the truism² that, amongst the lower creation, those physically best equipped for the struggle for existence actually do succeed in the struggle, it assumes that a similar state of things holds good amongst rational beings. So that, with the thorough Darwinian, the ultimate test of fitness to live is nothing moral or spiritual, but mere physical strength joined with intelligence sufficient to use it to the best advantage. Apply this principle to international dealings and you have Militarism, the concentration of the nation's mind upon armed efficiency, the disregard of moral considerations which oppose one's purpose, the mutual distrust and hostility which involves a progressive competition in armaments and results inevitably in bankruptcy or war.

It is hardly necessary to point out how completely opposed to this system are the Christian theory and practice. Christianity, in the first place, by its emphatic subordination of the temporal to the eternal, sets all such questions as material welfare and political freedom, which are the legitimate pursuit of the secular State, in their proper place. They are not the final aims of existence. By His two profound and far-reaching sayings—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you," and "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"—our Lord established once for all the method and the measure of all personal endeavour after earthly prosperity. Liberty, competence, repute—none of these things has any absolute value: they are desirable only as enabling man to serve God in a way consonant with his human dignity. The State, indeed, having no hereafter, must diligently seek these temporal goods—that is its very *raison d'être*—but only within the limits set by God's law. Hence Christian morality condemns wars or demonstrations of force which are made by a State, not to protect rights already acquired, but to promote the commercial interests of any of its subjects. It is not the business of the armed forces of the nation to stand behind the trader and give him

¹ A treatise called *Patriotism*, by H. G. F. Spurrell, M.A., and published a few years ago, takes this condition of affairs for granted and draws the conclusion that the very humanity shown by members of the same nation to each other makes more inevitable the struggle for existence with rival nations.

² This is a truism, for their fitness to survive is deduced from their actual survival. It is only a certain result, worthy of being termed a "law," if self-preservation is the strongest and most persistent of animal instincts, a proposition which itself demands proof.

an advantage over his rivals. Let him make his way by his superior business skill or the superior quality of his goods. The enhanced wealth of the citizen does not necessarily increase, may even be injurious to, the prosperity of the community. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation rather than riches. The aim of every government is to secure for all its citizens those conditions of order and material plenty which will best enable them to fulfil their destiny here and hereafter, and for that reason, it should set itself against the inordinate accumulation of wealth in a few hands. Colossal estates, millionaire trusts, monopolies of necessary articles of production—things which are the counterparts of militarism in the political sphere—are injurious to the welfare of the State, and are properly checked and controlled by legislation. So far from acquiescing in unrestricted competition, the State intervenes lest the struggle for existence in the social order should be too severe for any of its members, being anxious that each should have the means not only of living but of living well.

And, although the sovereign State has no direct or immediate concern with the welfare of other nations, yet, on Christian principles, it should be far from acting as though their adversity were necessary for its own welfare. Christian thought repudiates with horror the blasphemous insult to divine Providence involved in the idea that the only way by which the earth can be prevented from being over-populated is by sins against nature or a succession of wars of extermination. The Creator who originally laid on the race the command—"Increase and multiply and fill the earth"—will surely know in His own good time how to prevent the race from being injured by its obedience to that command. That time, as far as one can see, is many ages off; we are a long way from having exhausted the productive capacity or filled the habitable spaces of the earth. The alarm raised by the Malthusian is purely fictitious, a polemical assumption to support his immoral theories. Accordingly, there is no need for a struggle for existence between the various nations of the earth; on the contrary, just as the community so the world at large benefits by the prosperity of all its inhabitants.¹ Their interests are not exclusive. The arrangement by which they

¹ The history of the United States, a new nation built up out of the contributions of the Old World, shows that there is no necessity for the surplus population of any region to aim at living under its own flag abroad. Generally speaking, Trojan and Tyrian can enjoy equal rights in every civilized State.

are grouped into independent nations is designed to provide a useful, perhaps a necessary, stimulus to human exertion. Competition is good in its degree. It is part of the limitation of the materialist creed that it cannot conceive of *moderate* competition, a struggle, if you will, for supremacy but one conducted fairly and honestly with due regard to common humanity and the laws of justice. The materialist can picture only war to the knife, a conflict which knows no external check, a ruthless clashing of blind and selfish impulses.

Between the Christian and what we have called the Darwinian conception of human life and purpose, there can be no compromise; the former is radically true, the latter radically false. The Christian interpretation of man's duties and destiny is not merely the best, but the only right one. The danger for the future is lest a compromise should be attempted. The mentality of the age outside the Catholic Church is so infected with the errors of the materialistic evolutionary philosophy that it has ceased, almost unconsciously, to be really Christian. For the moment the spectacle of militarism in action has shocked the myriad forms of British misbelief into an ancestral Christian attitude, as a sudden crisis may awaken in an adult the long-forgotten habits of youth. But the stimulus will pass and our atheists and agnostics, our free-thinking magazines and our secular press, our anti-dogmatic moralists, our Christian Scientists and all our varieties of "after-Christians," will slip into their accustomed grooves again, and hamper by their confused and illogical ethics the establishment of a permanent peace. For Germany, whose arms we are resisting not without success, has long ago conquered the non-Catholic mind of this country. Luther's rejection of authority and tradition, Kant's establishment of scepticism, the rationalism of the Higher Critics, the vague mysticism of Eucken, even Haeckel's blank materialism, and the diabolism of Nietzsche, have all in turn invaded and subdued and corrupted Christianity outside the protection of the Fold, till it has lost its guiding function and all its inspiration. The German Professors, whose biased and unhistorical defence of their country's conduct is now being held up to the scorn of the man in the street, were lately revered as masters in our universities and hailed as prophets by our (Protestant) theologians. Nowhere better than in Germany, we gratefully own, has orthodox Christianity been expounded and defended, whether in the fields of philo-

sophy, theology, history or science, yet, as the Bishop of Northampton eloquently writes in his Advent pastoral:

by some evil spirit of perversity European nations have chosen to relegate the work of German Catholics to unmerited obscurity, and to go to school to German Rationalists. "German Culture," to-day the jest of cheap journalism, until the outbreak of the present war was the fetish of all who pretended to scholarship: and "German Culture" invariably meant culture of the rationalistic type. From that source came the "Higher Criticism," which destroyed the authority of the Bible: the historical criticism which robbed Jesus Christ of His Divinity and His Church of its supernatural prerogatives: the bigoted prepossession which, in the name of Science, obliterated every trace of a Divine Hand from the record of Creation, and plumed itself on having established the bestial origin of man: the new Ethic, which built its morality on a purely naturalistic basis, with no outlook beyond material well-being and no higher sanction than physical forces. The Masters have found willing and enthusiastic pupils. Elsewhere religious indifference has blossomed into violent anti-clericalism; "neutral" education has become godless or irreligious education: "civil" marriage has sought to oust Christian marriage: adultery has been legalised by decree of Divorce Courts: Race Suicide, palliated or even commended, has reached the dimensions of a plague and a national peril: Eugenics has invented grossly immoral methods of dealing with sexual problems: Capitalism, Socialism and Syndicalism have brought us to the verge of anarchy. Everyone of these poisons was manufactured in Germany and is labelled with prominent German names: but they have been eagerly imported and have commanded an inexhaustible market in our own and other countries, grown sick of the sweet manna of the Gospel.

Accordingly, as these scathing words suggest, the public mind of this country must make war upon other German imports besides those which our traders are attacking, upon other German forces than those we are facing abroad, if we are to regain and preserve our spiritual health. Christianity has made modern civilization, sadly marred though it be by other influences¹; Christianity alone can repair and maintain

¹ The marring has gone so far that one of Germany's prominent anti-Christians, Eduard von Hartmann, could venture to write as long ago as 1874: "Few have yet grasped the fact that this struggle [between traditional Christianity and the 'modern Spirit'] is the last desperate stand made by the Christian idea before its final disappearance, and that modern civilization is prepared to employ every kind of means rather than give up what it has so laboriously acquired. For modern civilization and Christianity contradict one another, and therefore one or the other is bound to go."

Quoted in the Advent Pastoral of the Bishop of Clifton, from *Die Religion der Zukunft*.

it. The Christian spirit then must be allowed to condition the national spirit. The great basic fact of the common brotherhood of men must control the adjustment of international interests that will follow the war. The recognition of a common Fatherland beyond this earth must keep our patriotism sound and reasonable and sweet, and banish that loathsome swaggering perversion of the virtue which is largely manifested in contempt and hatred of the foreigner and empty boasting. Above all, we must shake ourselves free of that pessimistic tradition that regards war as inevitable and in some sense natural—a persuasion the continued expression of which has done more than anything else to perpetuate the evil. It is not a Christian tradition, though frequently held by Christians. Indeed, it is distressing to see how often even Catholic writers uphold it, on the strength it would seem of our Lord's apocalyptic utterances with regard to the end of the world. In a matter so obscure surely optimism is a practical duty. War will cease if a sufficient number of people combine in thinking that it should cease. Any other attitude is a confession of despair in the power of Christianity to reform human nature, a view in no ways warranted by its history. How many seemingly inveterate abuses has the Church gradually undermined and ultimately destroyed? The open vices of old Paganism, gladiatorial shows, slavery and serfdom, savagery in war,¹ judicial torture, the abuse of the death penalty, duelling,² neglect of the poor, cruelty to animals—all these malpractices owe their discontinuance, or their comparative rarity in our day, to the influence of Christian principles. Why, then, should not the supreme folly of war itself, under Christian influence, also finally disappear? It is an anachronism, a barbaric survival, at best a blundering, ineffectual instrument in the hands of justice, at worst and commonly, a brute destructive influence, ruining alike the works of God and the works of man. He takes a heavy responsibility who endeavours to palliate war and decries the efforts made to abolish it. The fact that it should be necessary to organize men in the cause of peace, joined to the indiscriminate scorn often poured on Pacificists,

¹ The atrocities wrought in Belgium, the sowing of mines in neutral waters, the bombardment of defenceless towns, and other characteristics of Prussian militarism is another indication that it is a relapse into barbarism.

² It is significant that duelling is still recognized and encouraged by military law in Germany and Austria.

is an indication of the distance the public mind¹ has to travel before it reaches the Christian conception of war. The whole aim and object of Christianity is to get rid of war by destroying the spirit that engenders it, and all true Christians are pacifists by their very profession.

The necessity of raising and training an enormous number of soldiers for the present war—a necessity which every Catholic will admit—must not blind us to the necessity of taking steps to prevent any such war in the future. This must be a "Never-Again War," as the *Tablet* happily calls it. The immediate cause of the outbreak has been the presence in Europe of a State which persuaded itself that it had the mission to achieve world-dominion,² and for long years made its preparations accordingly. Now God has given world-dominion to no one except to His Son Incarnate: there is only one institution that can justly aspire to a world-wide sway, and that is the Church which Christ established to embrace the whole globe. The attempt to establish a universal Empire by force is, as Mr. Balfour has well said,³ "a crime against civilization." The German notion of a Super-State is "absolutely inconsistent with the true notion of a great community of nations." With the defeat of that conception and aim in the one State that professes it will go the necessity of providing against it hereafter. Christian civilization must make it possible to secure justice between nations without the threat of force.

This is not a far-fetched Utopian ideal. There are obligations amongst us which, although not enforceable by law, no one that fears God and regards man, would think of repudiating. These we know as debts of honour and conscience. By what conceivable right should honour and conscience be debarred from controlling international dealings amongst civilized powers? If force must be in the background to coerce the unChristian or uncivilized, force can be provided from the combined resources of the civilized. These latter, at any rate, own and should pay allegiance to the law of God.

¹ "To be a soldier is the most natural occupation of man," is a characteristic saying from a London morning paper, which no doubt thinks Bernhardt a ferocious fire-eater. It is this mentality we have to get rid of. The futility of the Hague conferences is not due to any flaw in their conception, but to the general prejudice against its realization.

² With singular appositeness the Bishop of Clifton in his Advent Pastoral recalls the purpose of the godless Nabuchodonosor (Nebuchadnezzar) as detailed in the *Book of Judith* (iii 2—6), who also desired "to bring all the earth under his empire" and who bade Holofernes to "go out against all the kingdoms of the west, and against them especially that despised my commandment."

³ At Bristol, Dec. 12th.

The unhappy disunion of Christendom in the sixteenth century arrested the development of international law, the *jus gentium*, on which statesmen and canonists were laboriously engaged. That Code should be revived and completed as a standard of reference for international conduct. There is no loss of honour or dignity involved in referring disputes, whether national or personal, to a tribunal of one's peers, which is itself controlled by equity and statutory law. There are difficulties, doubtless, in accepting the idea of international Arbitration, difficulties due to the facts that States have grown accustomed to the appeal to force, that there may always be reasons for doubting impartiality, and that the powerful nation is in a judicial tribunal reduced to an equality with the weak. But surely in questions of justice this last fact is as it should be. We cry out with horror when wealth or relationship or political influence is even suspected of tampering with our judiciary. Are we, then, to desire to corrupt justice in our dealings with other States? What should we think of a litigant who, instead of letting his case go into court, preferred to settle it with a revolver? The clinging to the system of armed assertion or defence of national claims argues a greater desire for victory than for justice.

Even so, victory is at least as possible and is infinitely less costly if sought by means of arbitration. Nowadays, unless a nation possesses a force superior to that of any probable combination of rivals, the successful issue of an appeal to arms must be in the highest degree doubtful, and even victory, as the result of a terrible waste of human resources on every side, must injure the conqueror only just less than it does the conquered. Whereas arbitration does away with, not only the unutterable horror and ruin of war, but also with that nightmare of armed peace which is almost as wasteful. The jingo spirit which is always calling for larger and stronger armies and navies, seems incapable of realizing, in spite of the commentary supplied by the present conflict, this simple and obvious fact, viz., that unchecked competition in armaments by Sovereign States, besides directly fostering hostile feelings, is bound to issue in one of only two alternatives—national bankruptcy or the very event which it is supposed to avert—a pitiless struggle in the field. It will be something if this war succeeds in instilling common sense as well as elementary Christianity into the militarist mind.

We may hope, then, in regenerate and confederate

Europe, if Christian principles are allowed to preside over its re-birth, for a code of international law which recognizes the final and absolute character of Christian morality, for a sense that the prosperity of each nation redounds to the advantage of the rest, for a close federation of the Christian powers, for a deepened reverence for the sanctity of international treaties, for a general acceptance of the principle of arbitration, and for a limitation of armaments to the size required for the policing of the globe. It will take time to effect these new adjustments, but one thing can be done at once and that is, the passing of a law in every State that henceforth no private profit shall be made from the production of munitions of war. It is a repulsive thought that many private persons, here and abroad, are financially interested in the prolongation of this ghastly struggle, that their incomes depend on the continued employment of death-dealing cannon and maxim, and the destruction of arms and accoutrement in battle. Weapons of course must be manufactured till war ceases, but henceforth let the State receive the profits and use them to relieve public burdens. Every war that occurs brings painful evidence that love of gold is stronger in many breasts than love of justice or of country. In every war the fraudulent contractor comes to the fore, but worse than he, who but seeks to profit by his country's need, is the man who, to enhance the demand for his deadly stock, helps to bring about the need thus exploited. There are Armament Rings in every land. Krupp's in Germany is paralleled by Creusot's in France, and others equally well-known at home. The directors of these trusts are often in positions of power in the various Governments, their shareholders and dependents are very numerous. In many cases these firms have foreign connections, so that British industry and capital and skill may be employed in arming Britain's enemies. The startling revelations made last year in the Krupp trial of the complicity of that firm in stirring up anti-German feeling in France, points to one ever-present danger to peace in the continued existence of these private War Trusts. A great step towards the Christian ideal will be taken when the Democracy abolishes this indecent traffic. It is part of its choice, the choice that has to be made, between Odin and Christ.

J. K.

Sketches from the Battlefields.

I. A PARENTHESIS OF WAR.

THE men were whistling "Mississippi" as they marched: and he, listening, tried, as he had tried a hundred times before, to catch the slight, elusive air, and whistle it too. Nothing easier than to whistle it *with* them; but he felt certain that, if they should stop, he could not go on—even if it were decorous to go on alone—by himself, and give the air correctly. A pestilent tune! easy and impossible, familiar now for weeks, stale even, and yet refusing to cling to memory except in the most obvious snatches.

"It's because I don't know the words," he said to himself. "There's no connection in the air, and I haven't got the words to connect up the bits."

Again his lips rounded themselves to whistle, and a young French soldier watched them with an odd expression.

"Halt!"

Something, miles ahead perhaps, stopped the way: and for the twentieth time in an hour the whole column halted.

The whistling ceased, and the men fell to chattering, and chaffing.

"Fiddler," said a Sergeant, with a queer friendly face, to a babyish-looking bugler, "you're *asking* for sore feet. I *know* you haven't soaped your socks."

"There's only half a one to each foot to soap," urged Fiddler.

"It'd take all the less soap, and leave all the more for your face," retorted the sergeant, who seldom permitted himself to be defeated in argument.

He (the Ancient who could not whistle "Mississippi" by himself) went to the roadside, to sit down luxuriously upon a heap of stones: through the long, dusty grass a field-telegraph-line ran, hidden, and his foot caught in it, and nearly brought him down. The young French soldier, still watching him unapprovingly, observed the beginning of the little accident and almost smiled, but did not smile, since nothing came of it.

The French column was on the right of the road, the English on the left, and the young French soldier had to watch from the other side. He turned to a comrade, of his own nation, glanced at the Ancient, and made a certain gesture. The Ancient had often seen it before, and had always hated it. It was brief and simple, and consisted in a sharp drawing of the flattened fingers of the right hand across the throat, as though one should draw a knife across someone's gullet—not really one's own. To assist the imagination of dull observers the words "*Aux Allemands*" might accompany the gesture: but in this case there was no such necessity. Both French soldiers perfectly comprehended, and the elder nodded a quite passionless acquiescence as he followed the eyes of his young comrade to the Ancient across the road. The Ancient is so called here as being (for his surroundings) an ancient personage. His white hair and wrinkled hands had nothing to do with all the militant youth about him: and he seemed tired, not so much with marching as with the longer walk of fifty-six years through life. One would say that he was more used to sit at writing by a table than on a stone-heap by the roadside. He saw the young French soldier's gesture, and it hurt him a little, for, though he had never seen the lad before, he liked him. He smiled and stopped himself, not wanting to seem defiant of disapproval. To cover the smile up he lighted a cigarette, which the young French soldier also disapproved—as savouring of nonchalance.

It should be said that the Ancient wore no uniform, but a black suit, grey with dust, and shabby after many a march.

"Quick march!"

And the column moved on again, and the men began to sing.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
A long way to go:
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
And the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

They sang; it was no bawling shout, but the clear, clean singing of hundreds of Irish throats and lips.

To many of them Tipperary really stood for home, and father and mother, wife, and child. For them the song was

no mere echo of the Music Halls, but a hymn of homesickness.

Hundreds of times the Ancient had heard those words and that air: he remembered the first time, and always will remember it . . . the panting August night, the serene, huge harvest moon staring down on the limitless fields of peace across which the comet-trail of war was dragging, the choking dust, the night-silence violated by a clatter of war-noises, shouting, and scraping of wheels, shrill orders and counter-orders, and the moan of a horse that could do no more for England than die, as the bravest and wisest can do no more. Then a halt, and a half-lull in the babel; and that tune and those words.

There are sweeter tunes, and finer words: but instantly he who heard them for the first time felt their grip and thrust about his heart, as one feels the chill there who comes down in a swing. Then first he resented, as he had resented scores and scores of times since, the inept unworthiness and vulgarity of the fifth and sixth lines. Piccadilly and Leicester Square! Could the rhymester fit nothing better to his wistful, home-sick melody than that? Could nothing racier of Tipperary rise to his fancy?—as though a Moujik soldier should begin to wail of Holy Russia and slobber down into a lament for Parisian boulevards.

And yet, and yet the Ancient could never hear the soldier-voices lifted in that song and dare to let his face be seen. All the astounding cleanness and simplicity of dread war lifted and glorified that song into a Marseillaise of England's fidelity to France, the war-march of British honesty come to lay down its life for its friend. It was the same now: the song never staled or grew hackneyed: each hearing of it added association to it, and tune and words brought with them a skein of pictures more poignant in simplicity than any war painter has ever left us.

As the Ancient arose from his heap of stones and went back to his place in the column the young French soldier still watched him, and the bent, white head did not disarm his disapproval. But it half puzzled him. He had been quick enough to see on the old face a sharp struggle against assaulting emotion: and he divined that the bending of the head, erect enough before, was to hide the emotion.

"That song," said his comrade, as they also moved on, "is as if one of us should sing of Paris."

But the younger soldier was *meridional*, from the valleys under the Pyrenees, and did not care specially for Paris, which he had never seen. He gave a slight nod and tramped on in silence, wondering why the old man whose throat he thought should be cut had been moved by that singing. He was doubtless a prisoner, a German, and probably a spy.

The Ancient walked on, and on either side of him rode an English officer.

"One of these days," said one of them to him, "you will walk into the German pickets, and they'll shoot you. And it will all be because you wear no uniform."

The Ancient laughed, but did not argue the point afresh. The other officer said:

"I think that *chasseur* would cut your throat now if you lagged behind and he could catch you alone. He thinks you're a German prisoner, and wonders why on earth we don't put you out of your misery."

The Ancient thought so too, and laughed again. But it still hurt him a little, for the French had seemed by now quite an old friend, and one dislikes the feeling that a friend desires one's death.

The song went on, and the march went on, and other songs followed. Then came another halt, and another order to move on again; and this time the Ancient fell back a little till his own "lot" had passed; the next "unit" was a little way behind. So he walked alone in a nearly empty stretch of road. Not quite empty, for the young French soldier had lagged too and was just behind him.

"Walk with me," said the Ancient, stopping, till the *chasseur* was abreast; "I want to talk to you. Do you mind?"

"You talk French then?"

"A little, and badly."

"I find you talk it well. You pronounce better than the English."

"I am English. Yes, I pronounce pretty well for an Englishman: but I lack vocabulary, and often I cannot say what I want in French, because I do not know the French for it, and so I have to say something else instead: something much less interesting. That is tiresome."

The young Frenchman laughed.

"I should say," he observed, "that you would be able to say just what you wanted."

"No. But I can say this—do you still wish to cut my throat?"

"Monsieur!"

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Monsieur!"

"I think you have."

"Monsieur, I do not understand."

"Ah! My French is worse than I thought. Can I not make you understand that I knew you wished to cut my throat just now?"

The young man from the south protested; but the Ancient only laughed at his protestations.

"I wanted," he said, "to have it out with you; that was why I fell behind, hoping you would fall behind too. No doubt it was an accident that you did fall behind. . . ."

"Perfectly."

"Some accidents are sure to happen: I counted on this one. I particularly wished to see if you would still wish to kill me when we were alone and had talked together. And I particularly wanted to talk to you."

"Why, then?"

"Because I liked you."

"Though you supposed I desired to kill you!"

"I did not suppose. I knew."

"How can one like someone who wishes to kill one?"

"I don't know. I was trying, just now, to understand."

He was trying still. It seemed to him possible, that, out of some hidden, perhaps morbid, current of the emotions, a man should have a peculiar attraction for another man who desired, justly as it would seem to that other man, to be his executioner, especially if, in the estimation of the victim, the execution was really mistaken and unjust. He could not recall any instance of such a victim having displayed—on the scaffold, for instance—the least animosity towards the man from whose hands he was about to receive death. Rather it would seem as though the very strange relation in which victim and executioner stood created between them a subtle tie, clearly felt by the victim.

"You are not now thinking of me," remarked the young *chasseur*.

There was so delightfully human a touch of boyish pique and vanity in this, that the Ancient laughed aloud.

"Not of you personally. I was trying to understand the

difficulty you suggested. But why have you changed your mind?"

"Monsieur!"

"Oh 'Monsieur'! But you do not now in the least desire to cut my throat. If we were alone, and out of sight of everybody, down there in the woods, you would not think of it."

"You are English—one of our good friends."

"Yes, I am your friend. But you only know that I say I am English. If I were really a spy should I stick at a lie?"

"You do not tell lies."

"I don't claim to. It was you who denied that you had wished to —"

"Monsieur, will you not forgive that *bêtise*?"

"I forgave it all along. You are not stupid; you must have seen that at once."

"I saw," said the young man, looking across the fields where the ungarnered corn stood, "that you liked me the moment you turned and asked me to walk with you. And it shamed me. There was no Why. I had only wished to do you an injury."

"I don't know. It would have been an injury to yourself: cruelty and injustice are the worst things one can do to oneself. But I don't see that to me it would have made any difference."

"No difference? To be dead or alive?"

"I should still have been alive. You flatter yourself. You cannot make me dead or alive. You might have pushed me round a corner, that is all."

"An ugly corner."

"That's *selon*: it depends—and not on you, my comrade. Besides the best bit of the journey may be just round the ugliest corner."

"You are now reading," said the youth.

"Yes: out of the book one has been writing for fifty-six years."

"You are fifty-six years old? At first I thought you much more—very old: and now I have been thinking you young. Your words come jumping, light on the foot, and they jump into me, as old words do not."

"That is because we are friends. Friends are all of an age. And a friend's words come home to a friend's heart

as children come home and sit down by the hearth that wants them."

They did not look at each other as they talked, the French lad and his new, old, English friend: sometimes their eyes rested on the same place, the horizon, that lay higher than the road whereon they marched; otherwise their eyes did not meet. But they kept step; and the cadence of their footfalls was the pulse of a deep unison.

Passing a cross-road they saw there another body of French troops, infantry, waiting: and among them was a young French priest, a volunteer-chaplain, in cassock and field-cap.

"Excuse me, one minute, I want to go and greet him; we also are comrades," said the Ancient, and he made off quickly.

The young French soldier from the south watched their meeting: he saw them shake hands, like old friends, though neither had ever seen the other before, and saw that they spoke together with easy intimacy, affectionately. When the word to move away came, in less than five minutes, and the French troops marched, the Ancient and the young priest in the cassock parted like brothers going different roads towards the same duty.

When the Ancient rejoined the young soldier, who had waited with a sort of boyish petulance, the latter said, half jealously:

"Another friend!"

"Oh, yes."

"You knew him?"

"Not before. But he is my brother: we are both priests."

"Are all the English priests like you?"

"I don't know them all. I hope not."

"Why do you hope that?"

"Because I am half a priest and half a poet: and it is better to be simply a priest altogether."

"I should like to read your poems."

"I don't write them. I don't know how. Perhaps I am too happy."

"I see you are happy—though you can scarcely help weeping sometimes. Tell me a thing, will you?"

"Anything I can."

"What makes you happy?"

There was a moment's pause, and, for the first time al-

most, the lad turned and looked at his friend. He was blushing and the young man, who was a soldier, and a peasant, and a gentleman, was ashamed of his question.

"Ah! I beg your pardon," he said, hurriedly, "I am impertinent."

"That is impossible. There is no impertinence between friends. Only I hesitated, because to answer your question I might seem to preach."

"A priest must, sometimes."

"Yes. But I do it badly. It seems always as if everyone must know all one has to tell;—I wish you would tell me your name. . ."

"It is Constantin."

"Well, Constantin: I am too shy to answer your question. Have you ever been in love?"

"I am now."

"And it makes you happy?"

"No, because I am far away—here in this ugly war. That is miserable—to be away."

"I also have been in love all my life: and we are never away. Always together."

A whimsical memory of a word from a great, homely, simple, *genre* writer, glanced into his ever vagrant fancy, "Always the best of friends, Pip, always the best of friends"—and the Ancient smiled at his thought.

"It is a man you love?" said Constantin, in a voice like a clear whisper. His eyes were again on the high horizon, and the Ancient's were there too: it was more intimate than if they had turned and looked each into the other's face. Against the yellow sky upon the ridge there stood out a long black way-post, with arms, like an empty cross.

"Yes, it is a Man," the Ancient answered.

"And between you and Him there are no quarrels?"

"None of His making. Mine have been the ladder of our intimacy, each one a step upward to something more like knowledge. To Him they could make no difference; He knew me all along."

"In *my* love," said Constantin, "there come moments when it seems wisest not to know too much—only to be blind: none of us are perfect."

"No, none of *us*. I am luckier than you, having all the imperfections on my side."

The lad pondered this saying, and presently said, abruptly, something that had nothing to do with it.

"Should you talk like this to an English soldier?"

"There is no such thing as an English soldier in general. One talks to each man as he is. To you I can talk thus—perhaps because we never met before, and shall never meet again."

"I shall meet you again if I can," said Constantin, with decision.

The Ancient thanked him with a smile, and said: "Whether we do meet again or no we are friends, and that matters more. To talk is not so good as to remember."

"And you," cried the lad, jealously, "will remember me as the fellow who desired to cut your throat."

"I shall remember you," the Ancient answered, "as you are."

One of the English officers came riding back to look for him. He laughed as he drew near, and said:

"He hasn't stuck his bayonet into you?"

"He has only made a little hole in my heart. Do go away again."

The English major turned his horse again, laughing, and said over his shoulder:

"It's not my fault if he cuts your throat."

"I did not understand his English," said Constantin, "but I do not like him. He came to look after you."

The sun-setting on the empty cornfields was becoming marvellous; a singular grey-pink light, half pearl, half opal, clear and yet hard, like porcelaine, had taken hold of everything. The Ancient watched it with a wistful tenderness, like worship.

"There is no one to carry the corn," said Constantin, watching his friend's eyes to see what held them.

"No one."

"Is it not sad to see them empty?"

"They are not."

Constantin looked, as though he had been looking along some wand that pointed.

"You see someone?" he asked.

The Ancient nodded, and the lad answered himself.

"The same One?" he said. "The Man you love?"

He did not turn to see if his friend nodded again, but held his eyes on the far horizon that seemed hardly nearer

than when they had first looked at it. Presently he spoke again.

"That Man," he said, "I hardly know Him. I do not do many sins. But I hardly know Him; I, I am young ——"

"So is He. Eternal and always young."

"And I am a man ——"

"So is He."

"But I live among men, and them I can love."

Another echo smote the memory of the Ancient, from a poet this time, one of those poets who had been able to say for him the things he could only feel: a sad echo too.

I saw God sitting above me;
And I, I sat among men,
And I have loved these.

"He also lives among men, and loves them ——"

"Why?" asked the lad abruptly.

"I often wonder. To teach us perhaps. In that you and He are alike. But, Constantin, if you can do that, that difficult divine thing, you can do the other: it is much easier."

"Easier to love Him?"

"Ever so much. What shabby turn does He ever serve us? When is He pre-occupied, or busy, or taken up with others? You like me?"

"Yes, because *you* like *me* ——"

"Yes; but you might come to me and find me speaking to someone else. I can only talk to one friend at a time."

"That is true. I should not care to talk to you when you had to try and speak with someone else as well."

"That's the difference. One always has Him to oneself—in all this crowded, talking world."

"I have never talked to Him."

"That is not His fault."

"Nor He to me."

"Neither is that His fault: it is your misfortune. He is no vulgar pusher of Himself. He only follows and waits and ——"

"What?"

"Loves. It is a horrible thing to love and deserve love, and never get it. That is His story. I know you can pity it. You saw in a moment that I loved you: and, though I have never done one single thing for you, you would feel pity for me if you had not loved me back."

"Ah, but you *have* done something for me. Ever so much. We met by the roadside, strangers out of all the world, and you saw in me a silly, brutal fellow that wanted to kill you. Yes, it is true, I confess it; and at the first sound of your voice I knew you loved me. Is that nothing? Who am I? You can see; a *piou-piou* of the south, a fellow from nowhere, of no account, and you ——"

"Do stop, Constantin. It is *impossible* you can see so much, and not see more. You wanted to kill me: justly as you thought—a cruel justice, though. We *have* killed Him, not as a spy, and all His revenge is to love us. You asked 'Why': and God knows I can't say. There was a saint once, and she cried, 'Of a truth Thou hast made a fool of Thyself, Jesus Christ, for Thy love of us.'"

That saying smote the heart of the lad, and his clean, tender, sensitive mouth showed a twist, like pain. His eyes and his lips could express pain more easily than mirth. Him also the Galilean was conquering.

"She was a Saint," he said, "but a woman; I could not confess to her. To you I could, because you are a man, and not a saint. Look there ——"

By the wayside, at a desolate corner of the road, was a Calvary. "Consider," they had written beneath the lonely figure, "if there be a sorrow like to my sorrow."

And the lad understood at last that it was no plaint of pain, no outcry against cross, and nails, and thorns. Only the supreme lament of unloved Divine Love, lonely and uncared for.

"Let me confess here," said the lad.

And the old man in the shabby, worn-out garments, road-stained and dusty, sat down upon the steps of the cross, while the dying sun reddened again those agonized, hungry arms, flung wide and high above him, to draw all things to their embrace."

And another echo struck him . . . "With the chords of a man: the strings of Adam."

But the lad's eyes were no longer seeking the Dead Christ on the Cross, above him; they sought the living Friend whom his friend saw in the fields through which their road lay.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "a thing, to encourage me. Why do you love Him so much?"

"Because He has forgiven so much," said the old man, making his own confession first.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

HIDDEN.

The Heavenly Fields are full of light,
The Heavenly House is fair.
The cloud but hides them from my sight,
My two who wear their robes of white—
(O Jesu dear, be Thou their Light!
This, this is all my prayer.)

The cloud but hides them from my sight,
Yet oft my tears downfall;
They were to me so great delight,
My two whose robes are washed and white—
(O Jesu dear, be Thou their Light,
Their Rest, their Life, their All!)

They were to me so great delight,
So great their loss to me.
I cannot climb the heavenly height,
Down in the vale I still must fight;
(O Jesu dear, be Thou my Sight,
Till them again I see!)

I cannot climb the heavenly height,
My heart's high hymn sinks low:
My morning joy is turned to night,
For they are gone who blessed my sight:
(O Jesu dear, be Thou my Light!
Ah, Lord, I loved them so.)

I know Thy Fields are full of light,
I know Thy House is fair.
I would not change their day to night,
I would believe with all my might:
(O Jesu dear, be all our Light,
And bring me to them there!)

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The "Constructive Review."

WITH the December number for this year, which has just reached us, the *Constructive Review* completes a second year of existence. During this time the Editor has been able to bring together a number of interesting articles on the great religious problems as they present themselves to the minds of a variety of writers of reputation belonging to different countries and representing different standpoints. This has caused the young Review to attract an amount of attention which has gained for it a recognized place among the organs of religious thought. Has it also enabled it to advance the cause for which it was founded? For, it will be remembered, it took up in some sense the idea which inspired the *Reunion Review* (which, to the regret of many, expired in the spring of 1911), the idea, that is to say, of providing a common platform where those interested in promoting the cause of Christian Reunion might meet and exchange in friendly intercourse their thoughts and feelings on this all-important subject. Representative writers were to expound, each from the standpoint of the Communion to which he belonged, what he deemed requisite to place the ideas of that Communion before the readers of the Review, in regard to its beliefs, its constitutions, its aims, and the motives on which they are based, also its history and the problems of development and progress which are engaging the minds of its adherents, together with the methods by which they look to secure the eventual removal of the scandal of these religious separations. Lest by adopting such a plan the Review should become a battlefield of religious controversy, it was laid down as a rule for it that in its pages there should be no "attack with polemical animus" made on other contributors, but that each should be content to expound his own view; and it was on this account that the Review was named the *Constructive Review*.

a name which was not to be taken as implying disapprobation of controversy in itself, provided it be courteously conducted; but only that its own pages were not the proper place for it. What was contemplated was that it should become a meeting-place where contributors could think aloud in the hopes that other contributors and readers might have their thoughts stimulated by what they read in its numbers, and might learn useful lessons as to the possibilities and difficulties of reunion, perhaps, too, form friendships out of which organized efforts for reunion might result. Such was the anticipation, and now after a two years' interval one naturally wonders whether and how far it has been realized. Only the Editor could answer this query, and probably not even he. The process of mental formation is necessarily slow, and it is often long before any change of direction it has undergone becomes sufficiently appreciable to the mind of the thinker himself to enable him to estimate the extent to which he has learnt from or has assimilated the thoughts or beliefs of others. Still one cannot help noticing that the exclusion from the Review of any arrangement for discussions to and fro of the subjects mooted, especially of those bearing directly on reunion, stands somewhat in the way of its utility. For it is by opposing argument to argument in the discussion of a position definitely advanced that one gets to the root of the subject, and makes real progress in comprehending it; and this when the discussion is between persons who have a common object in view, such as is the determination to discover a really practical way to end the divisions of Christendom, ought to be capable of being conducted not only with courtesy but even with Christian cordiality on both or rather on all sides. And does not the lack of such a provision for friendly discussion reveal itself in a tendency in the Review for the contributors to fly apart into independent essays and lose sight altogether of the exigencies of the reunion movement?

This is just a friendly suggestion offered to the Editor, as to the practicability of which it is for him to judge. But while offering this criticism we must not fail to express appreciation of the collection of valuable articles he has given us in the Review, many of which have been most instructive. In the present number there are several of this nature. Those that please us especially are those of Dr. Loofs on *Luther and Mysticism*, of Dr. Adolf Deissmann on *International and*

Interdenominational Research of the New Testament, and of M. Eugene Tavernier's *Independent Teaching in France*. This last is an admirable one and furnishes a welcome comprehensive history of the splendid resistance of the French Catholic parents during recent years to the persecuting laws by which it was attempted to deprive their children of the blessings of the Catholic faith. With the other two articles mentioned naturally we cannot agree at all points, but Dr. Loofs, although he makes the mistake of tracing a genetic relation between Catholic mysticism and Neo-Platonism, and does not understand that for Catholics mysticism has its source in a special supernatural gift of God, strikes a sound and, in these days, a much needed note when he contends that "it is the duty of all friends of constructive Christianity to emphasize the fact that the strength of Christianity does not lie in the knowledge acquired by the mystic of all times, even by the pre-Christian ones, but *in solo verbo*, in the historical revelation alone"; and Dr. Deissmann, though—when he asks "by what means then does the Bible Commission work," and replies, "by none other means they possess on whose works it passes judgment"—he shows that he misapprehends altogether the nature of its work, pays what, as coming from him, is a welcome tribute to "the present Roman Catholic investigation of the New Testament . . . of which he can speak only with high respect," and after a laudatory reference to the French School *Ecole pratique d'Etudes bibliques*, and Herr Meinertz's *Neutestamentliche Abhandlungen*, concludes that "if we view the whole international and interconfessional investigation of the New Testament as a great parallelogram of forces, the Catholic work co-operates in a frequently fruitful way by the care and caution of its method in the needful criticism of criticism."

S. F. S.

Justice to Mexico.

Were it not that the troubles in Mexico are now of very long standing and were in full career many months before the clouds of war descended upon Europe, we should naturally ascribe the present silence of the English secular press regarding what is going on in that revolutionary State to its own preoccupation with its more immediate interests. But

long before the European war began secular papers paid very little attention to Mexican outrages. The phenomenon, which we believe is and has been as noticeable in the American secular press, must then be ascribed to some other cause. Of itself it is surely worthy of remark and comment that a large country of some sixteen million inhabitants should have remained plunged in anarchy for nearly two years, the prey to a series of unscrupulous adventurers at the head of rival hordes of bandits, with no apparent prospect of settlement until one set manages to annihilate the rest. Humanitarian feeling, if not commercial interests, should surely have prompted the press of every land to pillory the shocking crimes against humanity abundantly proved against Carranza, Villa, Zapata, and their savage troops. An English subject, Mr. Benton, was murdered by Villa, but even this did not arouse our journals. Yet there is some excuse for the press of the Old World. It is far removed from the scene, and rumour and legend are so mingled with fact in the reports from news agencies that all alike are regarded with mistrust. It is the secular press of America, on which the people depend for information, that is grievously at fault. There, as over here, our Catholic contemporaries have done their duty, they have laboured with earnestness to expose the unspeakable villainies which stain the whole conduct of the various Mexican revolutionaries, but as their protests are not confirmed by the secular press they are presumed to be *ex parte* and excite little attention. We have no reason to doubt the occurrence of these abominations,—barbarous cruelties exercised against priests, religious of both sexes and all practical Catholics, a determined and organized attack upon Catholicism as an institutional religion, a relentless persecution of the Christian name which betters the black example set by Portugal, a complete overthrow even of civil justice and law and order. These are all proved up to the hilt by trustworthy evidence, both American and Mexican, they are established with much more certainty than the much less heinous crimes laid to the charge of the Prussian soldiery—what malign influence is it that causes the American public, so easily moved to pity, so ready to succour the persecuted, so generous towards the weak, to turn its eyes away from the horrors enacted on its borders?

It does not become those of other nations to pronounce judgment on a foreign Government except on evidence that is irrefutable. We need only call attention to the fact that

the United States Government is being judged and condemned by its own loyal subjects for its attitude in regard to Mexico.

Madero, the successor of Porfirio Diaz, was elected President in November, 1911. His rule was much resisted, especially by Felix Diaz, the late President's nephew. Civil war broke out in 1913. For the sake of peace Madero was requested to resign by the Mexican Senate and all the foreign representatives. He refused, shot one of the envoys, was himself arrested, and shot on the way to prison by a personal enemy. Huerta, Madero's chief general, was suspected of connivance in this murder, but was cleared of guilt by the U.S. Ambassador. He was elected provisional President in February, 1913. Great Britain and all other foreign Governments, except the United States, recognized the new ruler. President Taft promised to do so when stable government was restored. Huerta was an able ruler and peace seemed probable, but some sinister opposition began to develop when it was found that he meant to live as a practising Catholic. That influence was Masonry. The new President refused to become a Mason and adopt the anti-religious programme advanced by that Society in Mexico and the States. Henceforth his doom was sealed. The troubles in the remote north, hitherto of slight consequence, began to be serious. The Masons conferred with Villa and Carranza, the rebel leaders there, and, it would seem, by some means or other secured for them abundant supplies of war material, and, what was more important still, the determined neutrality of the United States Government. President Wilson had succeeded President Taft, and he, from the moment of his election to the present hour, has consistently refused to take any measures to restore order in Mexico. His non-recognition finally produced the resignation of the one man who could deal with the situation, President Huerta, and since then matters have gone from bad to worse. It seems incredible that any civilized power should tolerate within the sphere of its influence such vile atrocities as have been and are being perpetrated by the revolutionary parties in Mexico. The lesser guilt of Portugal roused some not ineffectual protests in this country, but that America, having had clear evidence brought before it of the terrible state of affairs in a land regarding which it claims exclusive rights of intervention, should be dumb and inactive really shocks us.

The evidence, the neglect, its causes are brought together and exhaustively set forth in a striking pamphlet called *Justice to Mexico*, published by the *America* press. That the grievances herein voiced are not due to mere Catholic prepossessions may be seen from a statement made by ex-President Taft on November 28th to the following effect:—

It is difficult to deny the fairness of the conclusion that in announcing to the world that we never would recognize Huerta either as Provisional President or as permanent President, in lifting the embargo on the importation of arms to enable the forces of Carranza and Villa to arm themselves, and in the seizure and occupation of his chief revenue-producing port of Vera Cruz, we deliberately drove Huerta out of Mexico and as deliberately brought in Carranza and Villa in the expectation that they would compose the troubles of unfortunate Mexico. Our policy therefore has been that, while defining our status as merely that of watchful waiting, we have neither watched nor waited, but have in fact most hastily intervened, and thus find the present anarchy charged as the logical consequences of our policy.¹

Meanwhile, President Wilson, whose apathy has furnished the moral encouragement and the material means of innumerable and unspeakable brutalities, has no other answer to make to the cries of agony from outraged maidenhood and tortured manhood in Mexico than to say, when addressed by the American Federation of Catholic Societies: "I am distressed that our fellow-countrymen do not more fully realize how frequent and serious our attempts have been to act in the interest of their people in Mexico!"

J. K.

Catholic Tracts for the Times.

Notwithstanding the flood, daily increasing, of war literature of all kinds there still seems a gap to be filled which immediately and pressingly concerns us as Catholics. Much has been written on the ethical, philosophical, and historical issues raised by the war, which is in every way valuable, and much the value of which has been discounted by ill-founded or confused reasoning, not to say wrong principles. With no idea of standing aloof, but on the contrary, with the keen desire to bring our contribution to the common cause, we Catholics need to state clearly our reasoned argument

¹ Quoted in *America*, Dec. 12th, a journal which has nobly exerted itself to make known the woes of Mexican Catholics and secure their redress.

on such questions as the ethics of War, the nature of Patriotism, the moral issues now at stake, and the like. We need to do so for the instruction of our own people, for the help we can thus bring to our fellow-countrymen's appreciation of the subject, for the satisfactory presentation of the British case to Catholic neutrals—in whose eyes the philosophical defects of many a non-Catholic statement of the case will be at once held to prejudice the case itself. We understand that a small volume likely to be of the greatest use in this respect will appear early in the year, under the auspices of the Catholic Social Guild; we trust its publication may be hurried forward with all speed. Dealing thoroughly, yet with no great burden of technicality, with such topics as the nature, scope and validity of International Law, the Catholic doctrine as to War in its history and in its present bearings, the ideal of Peace and the various efforts, mistaken or well-founded, to attain it, the little book, published at a popular price, will, we feel sure, worthily meet a real need.

But beyond this, there is a need for popular matter, of the penny kind to which Catholics are so well accustomed—matter which the C.T.S. could perhaps hardly reckon within its special scope, since it would be essentially of a national rather than of a religious character. The admirable "Oxford Pamphlets, 1914" point the way; indeed, little more than a Catholic supplement to them is needed in order to provide us with a complete armoury both for home defence and for the due presentation of our case among Catholic neutrals. It should surely not be difficult to produce such a series. Already on some of the most important subjects we have splendid material in some of the Advent Pastorals of our Bishops, in the contributions of our periodicals to the cause, in such articles as Mr. Wilfrid Ward's in the *Fortnightly*. Nor should there be any difficulty in providing for suitable treatment of some subjects which literally cry aloud for popular exposition. Such are the Neutrality of the Holy See in the war, what it means and what it does not mean; Prayers for Peace, what they do and do not seek (a subject most judiciously treated the other day in New York by the Paulist Father Searle); the nature, scope and obligations of civic duty; the ethical and legal limitations upon methods in warfare. Following on the excellent studies of separate national policies in the Oxford Pamphlets, we should certainly supply one on the European Policy of the Holy See

since 1870, and another on the issues for Catholicism in South-East Europe; the movement in France from the Catholic point of view also deserves attention, as well as the debt civilization owes to Belgium, more particularly on its religious side. We pass over the wider questions of Militarism, Bernhardism, and the actual outrages against religion and humanity, as already largely dealt with, though assuredly there is much to be said from our distinctive point of view, and in a manner specially calculated to appeal to our own co-religionists in neutral countries. There remain other topics which might well afford subject-matter for the edification or the instruction of our own people, such as the stories of Louvain, Reims, Ypres, so full of Catholic memories, and many of the actualities of the battle-field which from week to week have afforded in the pages of the *Tablet* such stirring stories of Christian heroism. We are convinced not only of the need for some such Catholic propaganda of the National cause, but also of the success that would attend it, if promptly and boldly initiated under competent editorship by one of our publishers.

H.S.D.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

British Imperialism.

Because we belong to the British Empire, because we are exhorted at times to "think imperially," does it follow that we profess Imperialism? Much depends upon our understanding of the term. The British Empire is not altogether an Empire of the old sort, a collection of various nations and races under the dominance of a single superior State and ruled for its benefit. It has grown in the most haphazard way, by conquest, by treaty, by cession, by colonization. The central power once attempted to be imperial in regard to its own offspring and promptly lost the American colonies, whereas, by ceding responsible Government to the Canadas after the rebellion of 1837, it made those settlements the most loyal of subjects. Having in view the wide extent of autonomy amongst its constituents and the constant tendency to extend it further when possible, it must be admitted that the main principle at work in the Empire is liberty, not authority, and its bond of union is consent, not coercion. This is why the British Empire as it now exists (however it was in the past), is no menace to the peace of the world; it allows the principle of nationality within its borders due scope:

it threatens no free nation outside. Were its spirit to change and become autocratic the daughter nations would drop off like ripe fruit and the dependencies would become rebellious. Only a power which was felt to be substantially honest and unselfish could command the spontaneous devotion of so many different races and interests; only a government recognized to have the welfare of the governed at heart could win such unasked support from all quarters of the globe. The United Kingdom does not aim at making the world British or at imposing its peculiar ideals on any race, except in so far as those ideals embody the eternal principles of justice and law and order, everywhere essential to human welfare. It has been the slow growth of time, modified and improved by long experience, and, although still imperfect because severed from the inspiration of God's Church, it has harmonized, as the world has never seen harmonized elsewhere, the principles of order, unity, and freedom.

**The German
Empire.**

In almost every point—history, development, character, extent, purpose—it is in complete contrast to that other mighty power with which it is now contending. The German Empire is a union of kindred peoples dwelling side by side and speaking the same language, yet it is a new-comer in human history and it was constructed in a short time of deliberate purpose by a mixture of force and artifice. It has no historic continuity with the old Germanic Empire, although that comprised some of its peoples and occupied part of the same territory. It aims at a world-dominion in order to impose upon the world that order, system, discipline, which have so marvellously contributed to its prosperity at home. It wants to Prussianize the earth because it is convinced that Prussian "Kultur" is the highest achievement of human mind and will. Given the soundness of its assumptions, its purpose is a sufficiently lofty one. But if those assumptions are unsound, as experience shows them to be, then the German Empire can only be a tyranny destructive of the liberty and dignity of man.

**The Empire of
the Turk.**

The hopes that were excited by the first Balkan war—that at length the enemies of Christianity were to be driven from the Europe they had oppressed and misgoverned so long—and which were shattered by the internecine conflict of the victors, have now revived in much greater strength, owing to the Turkish Empire having joined the German alliance. We can hardly now believe, true though it be, that, although the character of this anti-Christian government has always been perfectly well known, its continued presence in Europe is mainly due to British support in the

past. We rightly condemn the Kaiser for having made friends with the infamous Abdul Hamid, when the hands of that despot were red with the blood of Armenian Christians, but we are apt to forget that the British Prime Minister, Disraeli, for similar political aims, winked at the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876, and prevented outraged Christendom from avenging those crimes. In this Asiatic Empire we have a third type, which as a Government possesses no admirable qualities whatever. It has ruled for its own benefit, has blighted the lands and oppressed the peoples subject to its sway, has never entered European civilization and knows nothing of Christian morality. Well might Newman, whose eloquent "Lectures on the Turks," delivered in 1852, remain the most exhaustive and damaging indictment of Ottoman rule ever penned, call this moribund Empire "the inveterate and hateful enemy of the Cross." Please God, the disappearance of the Turk from Europe will include his banishment from Palestine, and the cradle of Christianity will come once more under Christian influence. Meanwhile, after his wont, he is plundering the missions there, and it is much to be feared that he will go down, as he arose, in a riot of massacre and destruction. In a truer sense than was at first anticipated the campaign of the Allies is a new Crusade.

**A typical
Anglican.**

We are justified in calling the Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D., a typical Anglican because, as evidenced in his recent book *False Gods*, he disregards Christian tradition, Church authority, and the inspiration of the Bible, and parades the deductions of his own reason and moral sense as the ultimate truth. He is indeed a notable specimen of the *αἰρετικός*, the "selecter," picking and choosing amongst the Christian dogmas at his own sweet will. The *Church Times*¹ reviews his book with a sort of indulgent severity: "So far as Dr. Dearmer has a theory . . . it is well that it should be stated"; but the previous question—How comes this manifest heretic to be a Doctor of Divinity and the incumbent of an important Anglican Church?—does not seem to occur to the reviewer. There are worse heretics, no doubt, in Anglican high places than Dr. Dearmer. He does not, as far as we know, deny the divinity of Our Lord, but he rejects eternal punishment, the retributive nature of suffering, the value of asceticism, the divine origin of the Christian hierarchy—"Christ . . . was indifferent as to how his Church should be officered"—and the competence of St. Paul to interpret the spirit of Christianity. Still, so do very many others, and why pillory Dr. Dearmer in particular? Well, *we* have no special concern to do so; it is the type we are interested in and the

¹ Nov. 27, 1914.

character of the Church of which the type is the natural product. How characteristic, for instance, of a married clergy is Dr. Dearmer's distrust of the ascetical principle. "Asceticism," writes this divine from his comfortable vicarage, "has stained the life of many Saints," including, doubtless, St. Paul, who chastised his body assiduously and told the Corinthians that watchings and fastings and other austerities were the outward insignia of the ministers of God. However, Dr. Dearmer can set St. Paul right and explain away the ascetic teaching of a Greater than St. Paul, and yet the Anglican Church has no words of reproof. This is the wonderful thing, the marvel of which, common though it is, is always fresh. The Bishop of Zanzibar, the Rev. R. Knox, and others of their school are united in communion with a man whose beliefs are utterly divergent from theirs. The reason is, *there is no one in their Church to decide which is right*. The Rev. Dr. Cheyne, the Biblical scholar, can ally himself formally with Bahaimism as a somewhat superior creed to Christianity, and not a Bishop of them all dare condemn him!

**The Living
Voice.**

The pastors indeed are dumb, silence being a degree better than flouted authority. However, the flock has no such reason for reticence, as Lord Halifax has shown, who lately took the Bishop of Manchester roundly to task for inhibiting the use of "Eucharistic vestments" in his diocese, declaring that Bishops who "disobey the plainest rubrics and disregard the requirements of the Book of Common Prayer" have themselves "forfeited all moral right to insist on the duty of obedience to what it may please them, in defiance of the fact, to call 'the law of the Church of England'."¹ Here, as always in these Anglican disputes, there is question of interpretation of dead formularies; the Bishop thinks there is no Sacrifice involved in the Eucharist, and has written a learned book to prove his case; Lord Halifax and the E.C.U., who think there is, are heretics in his eyes; why, then, should he encourage their heretical beliefs and practices amongst his people? What authority, after all, has the E.C.U. to decide the content of the Anglican faith? Or, if it comes to that, *who* in this topsy-turvy institution has authority to do so? On this rock the Anglican theory invariably and inevitably splits. There is no living voice in Anglicanism to interpret and decide the letter of tradition. There is no Authority to guide, instruct, and restrain the wayward active human mind, ever striving after novelty and notoriety, so prone to speculation and doubt, so open to various non-intellectual influences, so unwilling to submit except to the clearest evidence. [That Living Infallible Voice is

¹ See proceedings of the English Church Union (Northern Province) at Manchester, December 8th.

Do you believe it?

the exclusive possession of the Catholic Church] and so in that body we never meet the spectacle, so ludicrous and so pathetic, of the flock sitting in judgment on the pastorate.

**The Bishops
and
the War**

It is to Catholicism that we must turn to learn the true functions of a teaching body, divinely accredited as the guardian and exponent of truth, and in the Advent pastorals of our Hierarchy we find an admirable object-lesson of its powers in exercise. All deal more or less directly with the war and its lessons, yet all, whatever the angle in which they approach the subject, lay down with absolute clearness and unanimity the same consistent Catholic doctrine. Amidst the vast literature to which this conflict has given birth, there are no writings that go so immediately to the heart of the matter or state its moral bearings so plainly as these comparatively short but weighty utterances. The Bishops are agreed on the question of historical fact—that, in the words of the Archbishop of Liverpool, "the British Empire entered upon this war with a clear conscience and clean hands." And they are of course at one on the more important ethical questions involved. With great variety of illustrative detail their Lordships point out the true character of this terrible visitation, and the duties, personal and national, it creates for the individual. The vicious extremes of militarism and Quakerism are condemned and, no less clearly, the practice, common among the thoughtless, of dwelling too exclusively upon the good of which war can be made the occasion. The duty of prayer, of self-reformation, of charity towards the foe, of a purified public life—these are amongst the valuable moral lessons which these eloquent charges inculcate. We can conceive no more useful pamphlet for distribution at the present crisis than one which should include the pertinent passages that occur in this body of Episcopal doctrine.

**Soul and
Body.**

The British Army Service Corps, entrusted with the victualling of the troops in the field, is an organization of remarkable efficiency, one of the indispensable factors in the successful conduct of our campaign. To perfect its discipline and ensure its capacity the War Office has devoted the most skilled attention. And if we may believe current reports, whatever our soldiers suffer from in the firing line, it is not from lack of good and plentiful food. Yet, so dechristianized have our public departments become, that a prolonged agitation on the part of Catholic authorities has been necessary to secure that some adequate provision should be made for the spiritual needs of Catholic soldiers on active service. It showed rather a lack of common sense in our military chiefs that they should expect Catholics to put themselves readily in a position where they would be sure to be de-

prived of spiritual assistance when they most needed it. No soldiers would enlist in an army unprovided with commissariat or medical departments. Yet neither is more desirable for a man constantly facing death than means of spiritual help. And this lack of military imagination is still more extraordinary when we consider the extreme care taken to consult the religious susceptibilities, mostly concerned with questions of food and cooking, of our Indian troops in the field. If it is right, as it assuredly is, thus to respect the religious convictions of pagans who are fighting in your cause, how much better right has the Christian, similarly placed, to expect consideration for his faith? Something, as we said, has been done to meet the need, and now "every Irish regiment and battalion predominantly Catholic" is to have its own chaplain, and more are to be sent to the general hospitals. It must be a nuisance for those in the direction of affairs to provide for details so much out of their line, but even human prudence would suggest that a conscience at peace is as important a factor in military prowess as a body well fed.

**Some doubts
about Russia.**

The French Government started this campaign with its anti-clericalism little, if in any way, abated. The heroism of her soldier-priests and the devotion of her nursing-sisters have brought about a more Catholic public opinion, and after sundry exhibitions of spite, in the interests of "liberty of conscience," the Government has reappointed chaplains to the Army. The Russian Government, on its side, began by promising emancipation and autonomy to the Catholics of Poland. Have these two Allies of ours reversed their rôles? No one, considering the haphazard and imperfect news-service of the time, can venture to speak with certainty of events outside his own range of experience, but there are ominous rumours that Russia is persecuting the Uniats in Galicia and destroying the last vestiges of autonomy in Finland. Now, our hopes largely rest upon Russia, not only on the success of her arms at the moment, but also on her definite adoption of those ideals of tolerance and freedom that inspire our Western civilization. The British people, in view of the present needs, have gladly laid aside that attitude of distrust towards the great Slav power which Disraeli did so much to foster. Professor Vinogradoff, in his Oxford Pamphlet, *Russia: the Psychology of a Nation*, has drawn a fascinating picture of a cultured and spiritual people: it would be sad if a reactionary bureaucracy should commit our Ally to a policy of intolerance towards national and religious aspirations, such as is being adumbrated by the censored press. No doubt influential friends of Russia will be able to convey to her Government what an alienation of present sympathy and what a crop of future troubles such a course would create.

**Fraudulent
Contractors.**

The *Daily Chronicle* and other papers have done admirable service in calling public attention to the frauds by which various contractors have endeavoured to exploit the country's needs. The constant recurrence of this phenomenon on like occasions shows to what a depth commercial morality, divorced from the sway of religion, has sunk. We complain about the want of public spirit shown by the slackness of recruiting, what is it to that hardened selfishness which exposes our soldiers to discomfort in camp and danger in the field by supplying inferior clothing, shelter, and equipment? The contractors fattened on the Army's distress in the Crimean War, in the Boer War, in every war that we have ever waged—how is it that the War Office cannot yet ensure efficient service from the civilians it employs? No doubt graft, secret commissions on orders, and other forms of corruption are hard to get rid of; perhaps if the chief offenders, those who bribe comparatively poor men, were tried by martial law and punished with severity a check might be put to such practices. Meanwhile, it is all to the good that they have been dragged into light thus early in the campaign: we may trust that the papers which have done this public service will continue the good work till it is no longer necessary. This is an aspect of incivism which unfortunately is not confined to war-time. Commercial strife, due to greed of undue profits and resulting in sweating and other forms of oppression of the poor, is terribly prevalent in peace. We must look to it that our Christianity, as well as our charity, begins at home. Militarism, the desire of undue political supremacy, has its equivalent in every other sphere, whenever human desire ceases to be limited by justice.

**In omnibus
Charitas.**

in the present crisis one should especially guard against the common practice of making sweeping generalizations about other peoples, summing up, for instance, the German character in a single phrase, as if that nation did not, like every other, embrace a large variety of distinct types. And, despite the thoroughness and uniformity of German education, those types are very differently cultivated, according as they belong to the Catholic or other religions. We should be sorry if British mentality were considered abroad to be adequately represented by the verbal posturings of Mr. Bernard Shaw or by the (happily muffled) heroics of the Jingo press. So in like manner we should not readily take journalists like Harden, or writers like Fursten, or soldiers like von Disfurth, all of whom openly proclaim that might is right and that war dissolves all moral obligations, as the mouthpieces of true German feeling. However much they may have acquiesced in the development of military power in

Germany, the twenty-five millions of German Catholics do not, because they cannot consistently with their faith, approve of the militarist doctrine. They repudiate Bernhardi, they declare Treitschke of no account, they reject Kant whose scepticism finally overthrew the morality which Luther sapped and shook; they are, in a word, as good Catholics as exist in the world. But good Catholics can be led astray and misinformed, as these have been. Assuming the truth of what their histories and their press have told them about the designs of other nations and about the immediate causes of the war, they see no reason to doubt the justice of their cause, and, as for their soldiers' methods of warfare, how do we know what kind of news reaches them? This at least we know, that they have been taught to regard all news from foreign sources as suspect or false. So let us beware, in the spirit of Burke, of trying to indict a nation. Belonging as we do to a Church that is constantly misunderstood and maligned even by honest people, we can estimate the tremendous influence of religious prejudice: national prejudice is just as strong.

**Professional
Football.**

The question of organized football during war time, which has been condemned and advocated with equal vigour, and which has been characteristically solved for the moment by a compromise, really goes deeper than the needs of the occasion. It suggests the further question, often indeed discussed before, whether professional football, which has become a commercial business, and provides the chief week-end spectacular amusement of our working classes for half the year, is a practice to be encouraged. There is much to be said against it: it is notoriously the occasion of widespread gambling, and, like horse-racing, involves frequent fraud; it keeps the spectators from exercise on their own account and, as the present crisis shows, prevents them from realizing matters of more importance; there is nothing elevating about it and much that degrades. It is almost as easy to frame an indictment against it as against the gladiatorial shows of old Rome. Still, it is not so easy to suggest a remedy, an alternative occupation. Not all the spectators could themselves play, if only for want of field-space, though assuredly many more might play than do. But in any case public amusements cannot be determined by force of law: they indicate the popular taste and demand, and that is best reached and controlled by education.

**Against
Conscription.**

National military service has been suggested as a substitute for spectacular football. Perhaps in a community the industrial conditions of which allowed the worker more abundant leisure, and in which a keener sense of patriotism might thus have had the chance of being cultivated, a proposal of the kind might

win acceptance. As it is, we fear, it would be scouted by the people most concerned. Universal military service, like many other matters of national import, has, owing to the unhappy workings of our political system, now become a purely party question and has ceased to be debated on its merits. On its merits, for reasons which we suggested last month, we do not think it should be adopted. The idea of citizenship connotes service of some sort: there should be no drones in the ideal commonwealth, and some part at least of the work of each member should be directed to promote the interests of all. But defence of the just rights of the State is but a small part of one's possible service, although on occasion it may become the hardest as well as the most necessary. At school, where the future citizen is being trained in other ways, time should also be found for a thorough grounding in elementary drill and the use of the rifle, exercises which are most useful for physical development. Afterwards there are many fields of employment besides the military—civil, social, political, professional, even commercial—wide enough to demand the full energies of the citizen. We do not deny that a nation may be so circumstanced, or an epoch may be so full of menace, that self-defence becomes the most imperative need of the State and, therefore, the most important duty of the citizen; in other words, if militarism should be the fixed policy of any first-class power, all powers brought into contact with it would have to develop their military forces until they reached a position of security: just as one goes armed when a mad dog has broken loose. But, abstracting from the presence of such a plague, a parade of force such as would result from conscription is neither necessary nor useful.

Party again.

The party virus which infects our political life shows signs of breaking out again, led as usual not by responsible politicians but by the party papers. At this hour of crisis, when union is all important, the journal which approaches most nearly to the "yellow" variety familiar across the Atlantic, has the bad taste and the doubtful wisdom to taunt its opponents with want of foresight in not preparing to meet the projects of German aggression which that country made little attempt to conceal. There was no particular sagacity required to detect a menace which was so open. It was only a question whether it should be taken as genuine or not. To the Government it was frankly incredible that an apparently Christian power should plunge the world into war without the shadow of a just pretext: they assumed the presence of elementary morality. Their opponents, the military party, read the militarist mind more correctly: that is to their credit as politicians. But it is not to their credit that some of them should make party capital out of their foresight, especially as it is by

no means clear that earlier and more complete preparation on our part would have averted the calamity. In any case, seeing that disaster has not happened, and that victory humanly speaking is sure to be ultimately secured, we ought not to be sorry to be able to point to our unpreparedness as an unequivocal proof of our pacific intentions.

**The Sanctity of
Contracts.**

Whilst upholding, as we must, the morally binding nature of solemn treaties against the sophisms of Bernhardi and the practice of the Prussian, we should also recognize the element of truth in their contention. It is true, then, that a treaty, like any other contract, should be maintained only so long as the conditions under which it was made remain *substantially unchanged*. But, if circumstances radically change, it cannot as Bernhardi supposes be dissolved at the mere caprice of one of the contracting parties. A man who makes a contract must fulfil it, even at his own loss, unless it is rescinded by consent or process of law. So when a State finds that, owing to change of circumstances, a treaty no longer confers any benefit upon it, it must seek the consent of the other parties to the treaty before withdrawing from it, making such compensation as is provided in the terms of the agreement. If consent is withheld unreasonably, then the State may act without it, giving, however, due notice of its intention. The history of Europe is strewn with torn scraps of paper, destroyed arbitrarily and without regard to justice; whence it follows, as has often been said, that we should be glad to be now fighting for the elevation of international morality to a somewhat higher plane.

"Studies."

It is not our practice, because not generally within our power, to call attention to the contents of contemporary Catholic periodicals, full though they may be of valuable information. But the December number of the Irish Quarterly, *Studies*, a magazine edited by members of the National University, is of such exceptional excellence that we are glad to make space for a notice of it. It seems to be admirably adapted to meet the needs of the country that produces it, a country old in history yet only now beginning to feel the pulsations of genuine national existence. It provides for a wide circle of interests—ethics political and social, history theoretical and practical, education, commercial development, etc. It is evident that Irish scholars, in a very new environment, are preparing to make their country once again a centre of enlightenment for the West. In some essential points the West is in as much need of such instruction as it was in the early centuries.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS.

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles, 1) expounding Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) exposing heresy and bigotry, and 3) of general Catholic interest].

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Catechism, Methods of [Dr. Luigi Vigna in *La Scuola Cattolica*, Dec. 1914, p. 403].

International Law: Its scope and force [Professor Pearce Higgins in *Oxford Pamphlets*, 1914].

Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, Decisions of Biblical Commission on [*La Civiltà Cattolica*, Dec. 5, 1914, p. 558].

Penitential Discipline in Early Church: Tertullian's evidence [Rev. B. V. Miller in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec. 1914, p. 582].

Virgin Birth, The, and the Critics [Rev. H. Moynihan in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 643].

War and Christianity: discussion and distinctions [Prior McNabb in *Tablet*, Nov. 28, 1914, p. 721. Mr. Wilfrid Ward in *Fortnightly Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 957. Rev. E. Masterson, S.J., in *Studies*, Dec. 1914, p. 353]. Old Testament views of War [J. Touzard in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 1914, p. 108]. The Ethics of fighting for a country not one's own [H. Woods, S.J., in *America*, Dec. 5, 1914, p. 185]. War and Catholic Teaching. II. [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Nov. 5 and 20, 1914, p. 195]. Unjustifiable methods of warfare [Sir Thomas Barclay in *Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1914, p. 1186]. Causes of War; means of Peace [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, Dec. 1914, p. 606; Jan. 1915, p. 45. William Diack in *Scottish Review*, Winter, 1914, p. 465].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Jesuits, their alleged defence of regicide discussed [Father H. Woods, S.J., in *America*, Dec. 12, 1914, p. 214]. Their morality defended against Dean Henson [C.E. in *Catholic Times*, Dec. 25, 1914, p. 3].

Literature: Apologetic uses of *belles lettres*, need for development [Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in *Catholic World*, Dec. 1914, p. 289].

Mahomedanism in North Africa [P. Hernandez in *Razón y Fe*, Dec. 1914, p. 447].

Nietzsche: his philosophy discussed [A. J. Rahilly in *Studies*, Dec. 1914, p. 381; cf. E. Barker, "Nietzsche, Treitschke and the Modern Worship of Force in Germany," in *Oxford Pamphlets*, 1914].

Philippines, Persecution of Catholics in [J. Thompkins, S.J., in *America*, Nov. 28, 1914, p. 161].

Rationalism, The Bankruptcy of [Canon Barry in *Tablet*, Dec. 19, 1914, p. 821]. Professor Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" again refuted [Rev. A. W. Centner in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 676].

Socialism, Collapse of International [H. Somerville in *Studies*, Dec. 1914, p. 419].

Vesalius, Vindication of his Memory [Dr. S. M. Cullen in *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, Nov. 1914].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Balkan War of 1912, Religious elements in and results of [Miss E. Christitch in *Catholic World*, Dec. 1914, p. 355].

Benedict XV.: his first Encyclical [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, Jan. 1915, p. 1].

Catechism, The Penny, New theory of origin of [Mr. Joseph Gillow in *Tablet*, Dec. 5, 1914, p. 769].

Catherine of Siena, St., Her Mission [M. Lucien Roure in *Etudes*, Nov. 20, 1914, p. 174].

Diplomacy: the "new model" criticized [*Scottish Review*, Winter, 1914, p. 515].

de Mun, Comte Albert, his life and work [Professor Antonio Boggiand in *Rivista Internazionale*, Nov. 30, 1914, p. 268].

France, Catholic revival in literature of [Paul Claudel, by M. G. Chatterton-Hill, in *Fortnightly Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 971]. The Religious Situation in [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 1914, p. 92]. The Government and Catholic practices [*Revue du Clergé Français*, Dec. 1914, p. 336]. Independent Teaching in [M. Eugène Tavernier in *Constructive Quarterly*, Dec. 1914]. Relations with the Vatican advocated [M. Hanotaux and others; see *Tablet*, Dec. 26, 1914, p. 853].

French Clergy as Soldiers, Testimonies to [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 1914, p. 143]. Effects of in Army [Rev. J. F. Sollier, S.M. in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 668. J. R. in *Studies*, Dec. 1914, p. 500]. General revival of religion due to [*Etudes*, Nov. 20, 1914, p. 233].

Germany, her "intellectual supremacy" discussed [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Dec. 1914, p. 259].

Guiney, Louise Imogen, The Poetry of appreciated [Katherine Brégy in *America*, Dec. 5, 1914, p. 200].

Irish History, A Plea for a trustworthy [D. R. G. in *Irish Monthly*, Dec. 1914, p. 669].

Louvain, Recollections of University of [W. P. H. Kitchin, Ph. D., in *Catholic World*, Dec. 1914, p. 378].

Malachy, "Prophecies" of St., Further criticisms on [*The Examiner*, Nov. 28, 1914, p. 472].

Reincarnation, Modern theories of [*La Civiltà Cattolica*, Dec. 1914, p. 652].

Social Action at Reims [P. J. Connolly, S.J., in *Studies*, Dec. 1914, p. 464].

Social Legislation and Juvenile Delinquency. Problem of child-rescue discussed [P. L. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, Dec. 12, 1914, p. 230].

Thomas Aquinas, The Achievement of St. [V. McNabb, O.P., in *America*, Dec. 12, 1914, p. 225].

Reviews.

I.—THE BOOK OF GENESIS.¹

IN the Preface to this full commentary on the Book of Genesis Padre Murillo pleads as his justification for publishing it that, whilst for a long time past commentaries on this and other books of the Pentateuch, representing all the varieties and shades of rationalistic opinion, have poured forth from the non-Catholic press in a never-ceasing flow, the Catholic commentaries on this portion of Holy Scripture have been extremely rare. The names of Lamy, Fillion, von Hummelauer, Hoberg, Hetzenauer almost exhaust the list. Yet Catholic commentaries are sorely needed which shall deal competently with the many questions and problems that arise, and be abreast of all that has been said up to date by the different authorities, literary, historical, and archæological, who have devoted their industry to the subject. That Padre Murillo has this competence will be the verdict of those qualified to judge. The full bibliographical list which heads his volume may not by itself be a proof of this, for it is an easy matter thus to submit a list of books without having digested their contents or being much influenced by what they say. But that this has not been the case with the author is clear from the use he has made of this extensive literature and the easy familiarity with which he moves among the ramifications of current theories. His readers may then feel that he is at all points putting the whole case before them and giving them an adequate opportunity of making acquaintance with all that is necessary to form a judgment.

As a loyal Catholic, and still more as a professor at the Biblical Institute set up by Pius X., he takes the decrees on Genesis of the Biblical Commission as a rule to which he is to adhere, and he gives their text a prominent place in his

¹ El Génesis, precedido de una Introduccion al Pentateuco. Por el Padre L. Murillo, S.J., profesor del Instituto Biblico. Roma: Pontificio Instituto Biblico. Pp. xxiii, 872. Price. L. 9.60., 1914.

Introduction, supplementing it by a brief account of the attitude towards the Commission taken up by Dr. Briggs and Baron F. von Hugel, expressed in a little volume published a few years back. These scholars bewailed the obscurantism which they found in the decrees of the Commission, and felt sure they emanated from consultors who knew little or nothing of the grounds on which the modern theories rest. That at least was a judgment which did not rest on any serious inquiry into the prudent methods by which the decrees of the Commission are prepared. But so far as a commentary like the present is concerned, we may remind our readers of the contention we have been lately urging in this periodical in connection with the question of miracles. We all start, and necessarily start, from presuppositions. But these, though they guide us in our own researches, do not constrain us to tamper with the literary evidence. On the contrary, they constrain the honest Catholic critic to reject all violent dealings with it, for what could be the use of a harmony obtained by such violence? Anyhow, no malpractice of this sort is to be found in Father Murillo's pages.

Strictly speaking, a discussion of the general question of the origin and character of the Pentateuch as a whole is not required as an introduction to the higher criticism of Genesis. Still it is easiest to include in one comprehensive treatment all the five books attributed to Moses, and that is what is done in the present volume. First are given the arguments drawn from the Christian and Jewish tradition, and from the internal evidence of the legislation, history, and unity of contents, in support of the authenticity of the Pentateuch, and then follows a summary history of the recent theories adverse to belief in its authenticity and Mosaic authorship, together with a searching discussion of their value. Naturally, the author here lays stress on the singular fact that, whereas in the first stage of this rationalistic theorizing literary tests were relied on to discriminate the supposed component documents and JE was confidentially judged on linguistic ground to be the oldest portion of the Pentateuch, as soon as the Graf hypothesis came into favour and the tests invoked to discriminate were primarily historical the conclusion reached was that this same JE was not the earliest but the latest of the component documents.

The main portion of the book is engaged with the consecutive comment on the text. On the primary importance of

this continuous commentary of the text, even for the solution of the problems of higher criticism, Padre Murillo, insists justly in the Preface: "The chief reason for the insufficiency of many Scriptural treatises has been that they address themselves systematically to the Introductory questions but pay little attention to the exegesis. Yet without a full and profound knowledge of the latter it is impossible to treat competently even the arguments bearing on local and isolated matters, because of the intimate connection which binds together all the parts of the Bible, even those which at first sight may seem to be disconnected and independent. The indispensable basis of all criticism must of necessity be always an adequate knowledge of the biblical text itself, and such knowledge can only be acquired by means of continuous and patient exegesis." Estimates as to the homogeneity of a narrative, and the bearing of the writer's point of view on the purport of the different connections cannot safely be made until the reader's mind has become soaked with the writer's thought.

Padre Murillo's method is to intersperse in smaller type, after the German custom, the longer disquisitions which in a book of this sort are frequently necessary, and it is in these particularly, though not in these only, that he has enriched his commentary by availing himself of all that the latest and most trustworthy research has amassed. Of course for one who stands for the authenticity of the Book of Genesis old questions which modern rationalism brushes aside stand out and demand serious solutions, which on the other hand are hard to give, in view of the intrinsic difficulties of the subject and the lack of collateral data for events belonging to so remote a past. All under such conditions that a commentator can do is to offer tentative explanations not all of which can be equally successful. But Padre Murillo is always circumspect and helpful even in his conjectures.

In the get-up of the book one desiderates maps and an Index: it is rather tiresome too, where the pages required for the comments on single chapters are so many, not to have the number of the chapter repeated on each page.

2.—CAMBRIDGE GREEK TESTAMENT FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.¹

We have received from the Cambridge University Press two further volumes of the *Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges*. To speak first of Mr. Blenkin's edition of the First Epistle of St. Peter, we are happy to be able to extend to it a hearty welcome. It is an admirable piece of work, thoroughly scholarly and thoroughly impartial. Sad experience shows that the latter quality is not to be made light of in the case of an epistle well calculated to generate a nervous apprehension of "Roman claims." "St. Peter's work and martyrdom in Rome," writes Mr. Blenkin, "are attested by evidence so early, so widespread and so unanimous that even the most determined opponent of Papal claims could not dispute it with any success" (p. xvi.). He gives the evidence in question shortly and clearly. On the interpretation of Babylon (I Pet. v. 13) he is equally cogent in his arguments, which demonstrate that the city meant is Rome. "This seems to have been the generally accepted view until the Reformation, when opposition to Papal claims caused some Protestant writers to set aside as far as possible all connection between St. Peter and Rome" (p. xxxi.). The editor thus shows himself laudably free from controversial prejudices, and we may say in general that we have not noticed anything in the book to which Catholics could take serious exception. But we have no desire ourselves to treat it as a mere controversial "score"; it is a work that will be of great service to every serious student of Holy Writ. Everywhere there is proof of great care and judgment. The date assigned to the epistle is between 62 and 64 A.D.; Mr. Blenkin is inclined to suppose that St. Peter came to Rome about 61 A.D. at St. Paul's invitation, and was martyred with the latter in 67 A.D. (p. xix.). Several other points are ably treated in the Introduction, and the notes are excellent. One statement we hesitate to accept, but it is too remote from the subject in hand either for the editor or for ourselves to discuss it at length: "even in Galilee," it is said, "it is probable that the Septuagint was 'the people's Bible.'" The

¹ The First Epistle of Peter. By the Rev. G. W. Elenkin, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Pp. lxxxviii, 132. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1914.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By the Rev. J. D. F. Murray, D.D., Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. Pp. civ, 152. Price, 3s. 6d. net, 1914.

question is a difficult one, but we are more inclined to think that the Aramaic paraphrase used in the synagogues brought the Hebrew Bible home to the people without superseding it; in any case, such paraphrasing is scarcely compatible with "the people's Bible" being in Greek!

We fear we cannot bestow the same unstinted phrase on Dr. Murray's edition of *Ephesians*. Indeed, if we may speak our mind quite frankly, we can hardly conceive of any but a Catholic penetrating the true thought of *Ephesians*. If Luther had been willing to take Scripture a little more seriously, he would certainly have found that this epistle had a tenfold greater claim than that of James to be proscribed by him as "an epistle of straw"; Harnack and others have since made up for his obtuseness in this respect. There are two doctrines which must be swallowed whole before the epistle itself can be properly digested, or perhaps we might say only one doctrine in two aspects—the Christian as a member of Christ, involving at once sanctifying grace in his own soul, and an external organization to which he belongs. Now, neither internal grace nor external unity are notions within the grasp of the modern non-Catholic; the former he cannot, and the latter he will not take seriously. It is almost pathetic to see how Dr. Murray contrives to evade these two doctrines, where one would have thought that his text and the parallels he himself alleges would scarcely have left him an escape. His few words on the unity of the Church at the end are extraordinarily unsatisfactory. We must, in justice, add that there is much excellent work in the book. The genuineness of the epistle is well defended against Dr. Moffatt, and there is a valuable dissertation on its textual criticism, tending to show that von Soden's new text is not an improvement on Westcott and Hort. We are glad to see Père Prat's *Théologie de S. Paul* in the bibliography.

3.—"THE DAY."¹

"Go, set all on fire and flame," was an Order of the Day which the first Fathers of the Society of Jesus were not unused to hearing from the lips of their Founder; and in this year of 1915, with all the world on fire for all sorts of

¹ "What of To-Day?" By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: Cassell and Co., Ltd. Pp. xxii, 392. Price, 7s. 6d. net. (for the benefit of the Belgian Refugees).

ends, national and racial, it is not surprising to find a Jesuit on whom the martial spirit of St. Ignatius has descended in full measure, adding fuel to the flame in the interests of those higher ends to which his life has been committed. That Father Bernard Vaughan is both able and ready to do this in full measure needs no saying. In this volume he has trained his heavy guns on the enemy, and, mindful of Lord Fisher's dictum that "the essence of war is violence," has been unsparing in his use of them. And the enemy—what is it? Not the Germans, but the same old enemy whom so many have fought under his guidance in the exercise of the "Two Standards." To read his volume is to see in a new perspective the issues of the present war, its causes, its manifestations, as simply part of a much larger evil—the Spirit of the day, alike exhibited in the gross worship of selfish force and aggrandisement which one associates with that term, "der Tag," and in the selfishness of mere indulgence which has done as much in a quieter way to rot the historic civilization of Christendom. Many of the manifestations of this last spirit in our midst, which have poisoned so many movements that had, as Father Vaughan gladly admits, germs of good in them, are relentlessly analyzed—the paganization of literature, the relaxation of home life, the abuses of our economic system, the excesses of feminism.

Taking the South African War as the *terminus a quo* Father Vaughan considers that in these respects we as a nation failed to profit by its warning, and have in consequence suffered a deterioration in the moral status of our country. But the present far heavier test gives him ground for far brighter hopes for the future, not more in the nature of the struggle in itself than in the way it has so far been faced. For force and vividness it is indeed difficult to choose between Father Vaughan's treatment of the system against which we are immediately fighting, and his sketches, drawn from his own varied experiences among our troops, of the renewed nation that is, we trust, springing up on our soil. Certainly he does not mince words in his handling of Bernhardism and its results, and with his remarkable *flair* for living analogies, draws two strikingly contrasted pictures in his chapters on "The Real Superman"—between the typical Nietzschean figure and the "Superman of the Gospel." "On the blood-stained fields of Belgium we have seen the Nietzschean Superman in being; on the throne of St. Peter, in-

carnated in Pius X., we have had a supreme example of the Christian ideal." At the same time, Father Vaughan has a warm word of sympathetic defence for the masses in the Rhineland and Bavaria, who believe what they are told "officially," and would be the first to repudiate the philosophy that caused and guides the course of this war.

Of our own part in the conflict, of the sorrows and also the hopes it brings, Father Vaughan's chapter, "Sown in Tears," is perhaps the most burning and living thing that has yet appeared in all the mass of our war-literature. Here, indeed, *cor ad cor loquitur*. Near it in intensity comes the chapter entitled "Another War to wage." Throughout them all is the one note that alone can justify warfare, redeem it—the confident hope "that when this ghastly life-and-death struggle is fought to the finish, we shall find England more fully recognizing the claims of God and the need of keeping right with Him."

4—THE CHRISTIAN EUCHARIST AND PAGAN CULTS.¹

The Bohlen Lectures are founded on the analogy of the Bampton Lectures, the Trustees being the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestrymen of the [Episcopal] Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. "Any subject distinctively connected with the Christian religion" may be assigned to the Lecturer, the Trustees being referred for their choice of subjects to the will of the Rev. John Bampton. This power of assignment is rather vague, especially if the terms of Mr. Bampton's will are to be interpreted as some of the more recent Bampton Lecturers have interpreted them, and Dr. Groton himself has chosen a subject which is indeed connected with the Christian religion but can hardly be considered to be in defence of it. The question raised in this volume is whether "much, if not all, of Christian sacramentalism had its origin in the cultic ideas and practices of paganism," and this question is discussed specifically in regard to the Holy Eucharist. Did the doctrine of the Real Presence come into Christian sacramentalism from the Mystery-religions, Dr. Groton asks. He gives the opinions of many writers who hold that it did, but inclines himself to

¹ The Bohlen Lectures for 1913. By William Mansfield Groton, S.T.D. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and London. Pp. xii, 203. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1914.

think that it came from our Lord Himself. He does not, however, venture to affirm this very decidedly; nor does he appear to know how to deal with such references to the Real Presence as are to be found in John vi. or in I Cor. xv. That belief in the Real Presence, as the Catholic Church holds it, is equivalent to the pagan belief in magic, he takes for granted, nor does he appear to have consulted any Catholic books to ascertain how they assign the difference between the two conceptions. Doubtless, these pages give the reflections of a serious mind on an important subject, but it is impossible to regard them as casting any real light on it.

5.—ONTOLOGY, OR THE THEORY OF BEING.¹

Dr. Coffey has already won a reputation as an exponent of Scholastic philosophy by his treatise on Logic, and he has now done further good work for the same cause by the present volume on Ontology. There was an undoubted need for such a book. The great questions treated in the science of Metaphysics are of the most vital interest, not merely to professed students, but to every thinking man. All are aware that the solution which the Scholastic doctors give to these problems is that which the Catholic Church approves, while she emphatically rejects those of Kant and Hegel. Yet though the systems of these two thinkers have been so widely popularized that in their general outlines they are familiar to all educated men, very little has been done to render Scholastic metaphysics accessible to the modern world. Dr. Coffey's work will go far to remedy this. But it has much else to recommend it. The expositions are, in most cases, singularly lucid; and though the author confines himself as a rule to a treatment of the Scholastic doctrine, there is sufficient reference to rival systems to afford a constant reminder that the discussions, however abstract, have a present-day interest.

The *General Introduction* to Metaphysics with which the book opens is an excellent piece of work. In it the author is at pains to make his readers realize that this science does not, as so many imagine, deal with remote speculations, but with the facts of experience: that it is our Metaphysics which

¹ An Introduction to General Metaphysics. By P. Coffey, Ph.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Maynooth College. London: Longmans. Pp. xii, 439. Price, 10s. 6d. 1914.

determine our outlook on life. Here, too, he takes occasion to point out the unfortunate results of the severance between philosophy and the physical science which has resulted from the novel arrangement of the branches of philosophy introduced by the German philosopher, Christian Wolff (1679—1755). Aristotle and the Schoolmen treated the science which they termed Physics, and which we generally call Cosmology, in the closest connection with the special physical sciences. In their view the special physical sciences were a preparation for the synthetic explanation of the material world as viewed under certain aspects common to material substances such, *e.g.* as extension, change, existence in space and time. Though the special sciences might be distinguished from the study, they formed with it part of a continuous body of knowledge. Moreover, of this organized whole, Metaphysics, the science dealing with those fundamental principles which dominate all reality, formed a part. From the eighteenth century this has been changed. Philosophy and physical science have been divorced; and philosophers and scientists have regarded each other more or less as hostile forces. No greater disservice could have been done to both causes.

Among Scholastic metaphysicians there is at the present day a somewhat sharp division. Dr. Coffey is no partizan; but it may be well to note that he views things from a Suarezian and not from a Thomist standpoint. This is natural, as the author whom he cites most frequently is the late Father Urraburu, a Suarezian *pur sang*. It is true that on controverted questions he is careful to give both points of view. But the exposition of Thomist doctrine scarcely does it full justice. This, for example, is conspicuously the case in regard to the vexed question of the principle of individuation. Dr. Coffey fails to point out that St. Thomas' teaching is an immediate consequence of his doctrine of *actus* and *potentia*—one of the foundations of his whole metaphysical system. In fact, he tells us that its origin is to be sought in "the Aristotelian theory of knowledge and reality"—a statement we believe to be altogether mistaken.

In regard to the well-known principle, *Omne ens est unum*, Dr. Coffey remarks: "The truth embodied in this formula is so self-evident that the expression of it may seem superfluous." The same thought has, without doubt, passed through the mind of many a student. Yet all depends on

what is meant by *ens*: and we venture to think that most recent Scholastic writers have failed to grasp the precise sense in which St. Thomas understood the term. To him the *ens*, properly so-called, was the complete substance. A tree is an *ens*; a log of wood is no more an *ens* in the proper acceptance of the term than it is a substance. *Ens* is that which receives *esse*: and that which receives *esse* is, properly speaking, an *essentia*—a complete substance. One of the synonyms which St. Thomas gives for *ens* is *res naturae*. This term most certainly is applicable to the complete substance and to it alone: only the complete substance can be said to possess a *natura*. Viewed in the light of this meaning of the word *ens*, the principle is by no means superfluous. It tells us that the whole tree, notwithstanding its variety of parts—trunk, branches, leaves, flowers, fruit—is a unity; that man, notwithstanding he is partly material, partly spiritual, is a single reality. However complex an object may be, if there be one *esse substantiale*, it is one *thing*. Of course, if a billiard-ball has as good a claim to the title *ens* as an elephant, tusks and all, the principle is the merest tautology. The only marvel is that the Scholastics wasted paper and ink on so unprofitable a matter. But the object of Metaphysics is the same as that of the inferior sciences, though it views that object under a higher degree of abstraction. And just as they treat of the complete substance and not of fragmentary morsels, so too is this the case with the science of Metaphysics.

In conclusion, we congratulate Dr. Coffey on having given us a book of real value on a subject of the highest interest. We trust that we may not have long to wait for the pleasure of seeing the volume on *Epistemology*, which he promises us in the near future.

6—THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE MYSTERY.¹

Dr. Neville Figgis gave in the Lent of 1913 what are called, after the Episcopalian Bishop who founded them, the Paddock Lectures, at the General Theological Seminary of New York. It is these Lectures, six in number, which form the volume before us, that is these and two Appendices, one on John Henry Newman, originally published in the *English Church Review* as an article on Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of*

¹ By the Rev. J. Neville Figgis. London: Longmans. Pp. xv. 300. Price, 5s. net. 1914.

Newman, and the other on "*Modernism versus Modernity*," which seemed a desirable supplement to the text of the Lectures, in view of the Kikuyu literature. The general subject of the Lectures Dr. Figgis describes as "the presentment of Churchmanship to the twentieth century by those who are unfeignedly loyal thereto," this being the task set before the gathering of clergy and theological students he was addressing. In detail the first lecture seeks to show that this Churchmanship is a gift of God; the second, that it is a "gift made ours in the centre of the spiritual experience of the race"; the third, that this centre, which, in other words, is the great Christian Society called the Church, contains within itself a noble tradition which is the hope of the future; the fourth, that the cry for self-development and personality, which is in these days so loud, receives its fulfilment in the Gospel; the fifth, that Christianity thus presented is democratic in the sense that it does not reserve its gifts to any particular class, any spiritual aristocracy, but offers them freely to all. In the last lecture the author discusses the question of Church authority, its nature and limits.

There are many points on which we cannot find ourselves in agreement with Dr. Figgis, particularly in what he has to say about authority, his conception of which falls very far short of what is meant by it in the New Testament, and the writings of the Fathers. Still the plan of the Lectures is well adapted to the object in view, based as it is on ideas and principles, or postulates, which lie at the root of modern thinking; and Catholic apologists, having the same objects before them, can find much that will be of value to them in these pages, which bear throughout the impress of the author's acquaintance with modern literature and experience of modern life.

We may single out for special commendation the contrast drawn in the second lecture between the social character of Catholic life and the individualism which Lutheran Protestantism substituted for it, and which finds its extreme and horrible development in the Nietzscheanism of which Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain has made himself the ruthless apologist; the penetrative description, in the third lecture, of the Newness of Life which Christianity first brought into the world and which has been its unfailing attribute all through; and the fourth lecture on Self-development, with its admirable vindication of Christian Asceticism.

7.—SOME MORE OXFORD TRACTS.¹

We have already reviewed some of the Tracts belonging to this new Series. Now four more are sent to us, *i.e.* *God*, by Dr. G. C. Joyce; *The Authority of the Church*, by Dr. Darwell Stone; *The Holy Trinity*, by Dr. G. H. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh; and *Christian Morals*, by Canon Ottley. We should wish to speak favourably of them, for they are all inspired by the good desire to defend the Christian religion against modern attacks. Of Canon Ottley's we can, without hesitation, speak well. It has a good defence of Christian morality against the brutal substitutes offered by the philosophy of Nietzsche, of Herbert Spencer, of the Social Democrats, of self-seeking Individualism, against those theorists who tell us that the teaching of Christ is inapplicable to modern conditions, especially those which affect economics and sex-morality. Canon Ottley is not so happy towards the end of his tract, where he distinguishes between the Church and the Christian spirit, and contends that, whilst it is the latter which has originated so many beneficial movements for the improvement of social conditions, the former has often been indifferent or even unfriendly to needed social changes. But this is due to a confusion of ideas. It is the Church, by her teaching and spiritual influence, which arouses and sustains the Christian spirit. She also encourages those animated to work for all needed reforms. But in these movements there are apt to be exaggerations and misconceptions, so that she can seldom say authoritatively, "I sanction such and such a movement and make myself responsible for it in all respects." She confines herself, in her official utterances, to occasional approvals and occasional condemnations which are generally accompanied by expressions of sympathy for what is good in the character of the movements concerned, and that, while she inspires the Christian spirit with its zeal, is enough, or rather is the best course to pursue.

The *Authority of the Church* is a very disappointing tract. The reader is told that "it is of the essence of Christian life that a Christian is under authority, that he gives himself to Christ intellectually, and morally, and spiritually with absolute surrender," yet "that there is a freedom in

¹ Modern Oxford Tracts. (1) *God*. By the Rev. G. C. Joyce, D.D. (2) *The Authority of the Church*. By the Rev. Darwell Stone, D.D. (3) *The Holy Trinity*. By Bishop G. H. Walpole. (4) *Christian Morals*. By the Rev. Canon Ottley, D.D. Longmans. 6d. each. 1914.

Christian life which St. Paul exercises hardly less than the self-surrender of faith." But in what are you to submit to the Church, in what are you to recognize her voice, when may you assert your freedom, and what sort of freedom? These are questions essential to his subject to which Dr. Darwell Stone furnishes no clear answer. In one place he stumbles upon the Catholic Church's conception of authority. That is clear and distinct enough, but the author brushes it aside, magisterially remarking that, contrary to what multitudes of people think—"history does not support" it.

The disappearance, under stress of scientific thought and Biblical criticism, of the feeling of confidence in a positive divine revelation, has become widely prevalent, and this, says Dr. Joyce, creates a situation of extreme difficulty for the Church, who must reckon with a vast amount of hesitation and half-articulate doubt. We cannot but agree, but can it be said that he has furnished anything by his tract which is likely to remove this hesitation and doubt? How can we be certain that there is a God and know anything about His nature? That is the question to which these unwilling victims of hesitation and doubt are asking for a clear and satisfying answer. But has this tract-writer any such answer to give? "The Church (by which term Dr. Joyce seems to mean a reflection of his own ideas like the reflection of a man's countenance on the waters) takes up a strong position when she meets the negations of agnosticism with an appeal to the facts of her own religious consciousness, duly formulated and systematized." "The consentient witness of illuminated hearts is not to be easily explained away as mere illusion." "The testimony to a direct awareness of Him who is behind all the passing flow of sensation cannot be disposed of by any *a priori* declarations of its incredibility." These and similar phrases seem to imply that he holds the Christian's knowledge of God to be immediate, and that it is this doctrine he ascribes to the "Church." What Church he means he never tells us. The Church in communion with the Holy See, so far from teaching this doctrine, lays down in her Vatican decrees, as the means by which, apart from revelation, we can attain to the knowledge of God, the process of inference from the existence of created things (*per ea quæ facta sunt*); she assigns this method, and she assigns no other.

In *The Holy Trinity*, which is a devoutly-written tract,

and contains a good deal which is to the point, the writer goes astray just in this, that he makes the Apostles and the infant Church arrive at the doctrine of the Trinity, that is of the three Persons in the Godhead, not by revelation, but by inference. "It was not," he says, "a truth dimly guessed at by the intellect and then hammered into a system, but a fact learned in life to be afterwards harmonized with other facts." "Learned in life," but by what process can a truth of this kind be learnt in life save by the exercise of the mind, either through direct intuition or by inference, or—which Bishop Walpole seems to exclude—by direct revelation?

8.—THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.¹

We do not think that the general title prefixed to this volume of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* is quite so felicitous as some of those attached to its predecessors. "The Period of the French Revolution" may be useful as indicating chronologically a certain term of years, say from 1785 to 1815, and it is also true that this great political cataclysm was not without its influence upon the thought and literary work of many of the most conspicuous English writers of that age. None the less many of the names which claim attention in this instalment of the History are not wont to be connected in our minds even remotely with the upheaval across the Channel. Cowper and Burns and Crabbe and Sheridan and even such men as Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, who were no doubt profoundly stirred and perhaps inspired by the political turmoil on the Continent, can only be said to have given a very small portion of their interest to any events, however stupendous, which took place outside the country in which their heart was centred. Perhaps Burke, more than anyone else, is commonly looked upon as representative of the attitude of the highest type of British intelligence towards the excesses of the Jacobins, and yet even in the case of Burke the French Revolution formed but a very slender part of the interests of a fairly long and busy life. And it is curious to find Professor Grierson saying in this very chapter on Burke, which stands first in the

¹ Vol. XI. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xiv, 524. Price, 9s. net. 1914

volume: "This is not the place for a full discussion of Burke's treatment of the French Revolution. He died before any final issue was even in sight." None the less, the appreciation of Burke, which is presented to us in these thirty-two pages, seems eminently sympathetic and judicious. We are glad to find at least a passing hint of the influence exerted upon the great orator by the memory of his Catholic mother, when we find him described as "an Irishman of the usual blended native and English strain, born in a family which united the two creeds that divide Ireland more profoundly and fatefully than any distinction of race." With the writer's conclusions as to the place of Burke in the domain of English letters we are thoroughly in agreement.

When all is said, his is one of the greatest minds which have concerned themselves with political topics, and alike the substance and the form of his works have made him the only orator whose speeches have secured for themselves a permanent place in English literature beside which is greatest in our drama, our poetry and our prose.

Not less excellent is Mr. Henderson's chapter on Burns, and although we are inclined rather to protest against the importance which it is now the fashion to attach to Blake we gladly bear witness to the judgment and restraint which appear in Mr. J. P. Wallis's treatment of that somewhat bizarre genius. Naturally, Professor Saintsbury's contributions on Southey, on "The Prosody of the Eighteenth Century," and on "The Growth of the Later Novel" are all of a very high order. Further, we have the usual interesting treatment of the by-paths so generally neglected in works of a similar character. In the present instalment Professor Sorley dissertates judiciously on "Bentham and the early Utilitarians," Mrs. H. G. Aldis contrives to be thoroughly interesting in dealing with "The Blue Stockings," her husband is not less at home in a wide review of the subject of "Book Production and Distribution 1695—1800," while Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton supplies much quaint information about "Children's Books." Altogether it is plain that the Editors of this great undertaking are fully determined that it shall maintain to the end its well-deserved reputation of being the finest example of a great literary history which exists in any language.

Short Notices.

DEVOTIONAL.

OF the pile of books suitable for presents at this season, that lie before us, first place must be given, by reason of its subject-matter, to Father Martindale's *New Testament Stories* (Sands and Co.: 2s. 6d. net). Of the book itself we need hardly say more than that it is a worthy sequel to his *Old Testament Stories*. For obvious reasons Father Martindale has been able to keep much more closely to the actual Scripture text than in the earlier volume, and in his interesting Preface he urges that at the earliest possible age children should be encouraged to "lay aside books like this one" in favour of the inspired pages. This will be easier when we have a really handy "readable" version of Holy Scripture; but even so, such close and careful re-writing of the Sacred Story as this, in a *format* so attractive to the young, and with illustrations which the child's eye will find equally taking (though to the adult they may seem altogether too "pretty"), must always prove more valuable than Father Martindale's modesty will allow. We trust that very many children will spend a happier holiday—as assuredly also a better one—by reason of the beautiful present Father Martindale has here prepared for them.

It would be difficult to find a writer who should deal more magisterially, yet persuasively, with such a subject as *The Ideal of the Monastic Life* than the famous scholar of Maredsous, Dom Germain Morin, O.S.B. As Dom Bede Camm tells us, one of the most brilliant of French scholars, with also the thoroughness of the Teutonic student, a man in the very first rank of European erudition, he is before all this, and first of all, the "humble and devout monk," with a special devotion, as this work shows, to the eminently Benedictine traits of peacefulness and simplicity. He has given us here a compendious, general sketch of the things that to him have been really fundamental, a sketch in which the hand of the *savant* is nowhere seen, though none but a *savant* could have produced it—so saturated is it with the spirit of Benedictine antiquity. Alike to the aspirant towards Monastic spirituality in the cloister, or in some small measure outside, and to the ordinary educated Catholic who would wish to know something of a great historic spiritual system, this little book will be an ideal guide. Slighter than the famous Solesmes book, *The Spiritual Life and Prayer*, the modern classic of the subject, it is for that reason the more likely to be of wide usefulness; it is as systematic, its ground-plan is as complete, and it deals more directly with the actual Benedictine Rule. To commend its substance would really be almost an impertinence on our part; we listen to Dom Morin on Monastic spirituality as we are sure Dom Morin would listen, say, to Père Ravignan on the spirituality of St. Ignatius. But one point we

cannot pass over—the beautiful and truly Benedictine wideness with which he touches on the question of the more modern devotions and methods of spirituality. The addresses which compose this volume were delivered long before the unfortunate controversies of last year; had they been well-remembered, on whichever side, we are sure those controversies would never have arisen.

"Defuncta adhuc loquitur." How true this is of the late Superior General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, whose sad and, to our human vision, so premature death occurred on October 21st, and was largely due to the troubles caused by the war, may be seen in the little volume—**The Society of the Sacred Heart**, by Janet Erskine Stuart—which her bereaved children have lately given to the world. It is a "character-sketch" of the great Society written by one so absorbed in her subject that she could describe it during the solitude of a long sea-voyage, far away from documents and archives, and yet make it live as a perfect and convincing whole. It is the work of one who knew and loved, who in fact had but to look within to find in its living vigour the spirit which she has here expressed in her clear and facile English. The outer history of the Society is first sketched, but the bulk of the volume is devoted to the inner, to the great devotion which is the inspiration of the whole and to the methods by which that devotion is embodied in personal sanctification and zeal for souls. No more valued will and testament could a mother have left her devoted daughters than this, wherein is enshrined her own great God-devoted soul, unconsciously *forma facta gregis*, to be their guide and stimulus for all time.

APOLOGETIC.

It is good to have in English, in its complete form, the **Catechism of Christian Doctrine**, issued in 1912 under the direct authority of our late Holy Father, and prescribed by him for exclusive use in the ecclesiastical Province of Rome. This quite lengthy Catechism, with its appended short Prayer-book and Instructions, closely translated by Dr. Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome, is published by Messrs. Gill, of Dublin, at the low price of one shilling. The work itself it would be an impertinence to commend, coming from the source it does. We notice, however, that the permission of competent authority has been obtained for "a few verbal alterations" making for better understanding in a non-Latin country. We regret that this principle could not have been extended—as undoubtedly the same authority would have permitted—so as to make explicit allowance for the fact of invincible ignorance and, therefore, of good faith in regard to actual heresy and schism. The circumstances of Rome differ widely from those of Westminster or Dublin, and while the doctrine remains the same all the world over, that "heretics are those persons who stubbornly refuse to believe" a revealed truth, the statement of fact which follows—"Protestants for instance"—is simply not true of the latter provinces, if by "stubbornly" one means "contumaciously" in the face of known truth.

Admirably direct and to the point—if also very American in their style as in their spelling—are the "pungent paragraphs" which Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., gives us under the title of **Mustard Seeds** (Kenedy and Sons, New York: price 60 cents). If we are to be hustled, it is as well to be hustled Heavenwards, and if we are to "get on or get out," it is as

well that it should be in the right direction. But after all, the impression Father Donnelly leaves when one has got one's second breath and can settle down to his book, is less that of hustling than of virility. We should like to see the papers on "Childishness of Soul" and "Mites and the Mighty" spread broadcast on this side of the Atlantic. "The Fact of the Matter Is" hits hard at one of the most soul-destroying fallacies of the day, and "Publicity as a Panacea" deals equally faithfully with another. A small book, but stimulating beyond many others many times its size.

We should like to see rendered available for wider circulation Dr. G. Matheson Cullen's *The Passing of Vesalius*, which reaches us from the author in the form of a reprint from the November number of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*. Edinburgh, like Glasgow, is happy in its Catholic representatives of science and culture, and Dr. Cullen's monograph is a model of thorough and judicious scholarship. His purpose is to investigate thoroughly, from the original sources, the mystery surrounding the last years of the great anatomist, and were not the vitality of anti-Catholic legend so strong, we might congratulate ourselves that the horrible stories of human vivisection and of the Inquisition that have been attached to his name are here as effectively annihilated as the story of "Pope Joan." Unfortunately they persist even in works like the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and will still doubtless afford material for Protestant controversy of the baser sort. Still, what scholarship can do, Dr. Cullen has done; and it only remains for those responsible for the provision of good Catholic apologetic, to see that such work is properly filed for reference, and if possible, rendered available for a wider audience. The value of the monograph is greatly enhanced by a bibliography of its subject.

Father Graham, of Motherwell, has already proved his prowess as a writer of excellent popular apologetic by his little books on the Bible and on Conversions. We welcome very heartily a rather larger work from his pen, *What Faith Really Means* (Washbourne: 6d. net). "A simple explanation of what an act of Faith really is, and what it means, for a Catholic" is Father Graham's modest description of a work dealing competently, yet simply, with a profound and difficult subject. The distinction between Human and Divine Faith, the basic errors of the Protestant conception of Faith, the relations of Church, Bible and Faith are discussed with clearness yet in a most persuasive spirit, and the refutation in a final chapter of "some objections" is not less excellent. Particularly good is the treatment of "sins against faith," and of material heresy in the case of Protestants. It is not going too far to say with Father Graham that "a Protestant could hardly commit such a sin" as a sin against Faith, for the very course that would lead a Catholic to lose his soul—i.e., turning his religious ideas inside out and upside down with a view to finding something better—is the very course that "to save his soul a Protestant in strict consistency should follow."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

To Mrs. Louise Stacpoole-Kenny's simple and attractive studies of the lives of Saints, must now be added her *Story of St. Martin of Tours* (Duffy and Co.: 2s. net). It is a life-like sketch, the historical setting well indicated, the strong personality standing boldly out, its message

to our own day clearly brought home—a model of what popular hagiography should be. We wish every success to this effort to spread devotion to the great days and the great saints that are too little known amongst us.

POETRY.

For ourselves, we are convinced that, in spite of opinions of some authority lately expressed, the work of Mgr. Benson, considered on its literary side, is that not merely of a brilliant and versatile *littérateur*, but of a really creative artist. The second and third of his posthumous works, which lie before us now, seem conclusive of this. *The Upper Room* (Longmans: 6d. net) is a "Passion-play" of extraordinary emotional power, the more remarkable because a "Passion-play" without the principal Figure. Relieving the actual performance of its greatest difficulty (in fact, in ordinary circumstances an impossibility), Mgr. Benson faced and overcame a much heavier one. He did so by adopting the method of Greek drama, and used his limitations with consummate skill so as to heighten the symbolic and emotional power of the action while avoiding its realism. Throughout, the Divine Figure is felt, though never seen, and the force of the impressions is cumulative to the end. *The Upper Room* is a drama to be played, not a poem to be read. The minute acting directions are of its essence. None the less, even read in the study, it gives all the impression of an authentic work of art.

To pass to the other volume, the *Poems*, which Messrs. Burns and Oates publish, printed beautifully on parchment-paper, at 2s. 6d. net, is to put Mgr. Benson's powers as artist to a harder test, particularly in the case of one to whose nature the patient pruning down of literary fecundity was alien. But after all that is not what fundamentally matters, rather the flame of inspiration, which Mr. Meynell in his intimate introductory sketch notes—as we ourselves had done—as the real "secret of Benson." It is least of all lacking in these verses, by-products though they be of a busy life—perhaps because, as Mr. Meynell points out, they are so largely autobiographical. Poignant in their prevailing note, they may not represent the whole man as men knew him, but assuredly they are the voice of what was deepest in him—"inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te." We must not pass from this beautiful last gift of Mgr. Benson's without noticing that Mr. Meynell's preface places on record a deep and illuminating impression of his remarkable personality, whether or no one agrees with the extremely severe and deep-reaching criticism passed inferentially on certain of the novels. And we may add that the profits of the volume are Mgr. Benson's last gift, enhanced too by the generous kindness of the publishers, to the charitable works of one of his closest and oldest friends, Mr. Norman Potter.

FICTION.

Readers of the American *Missionary*, the organ of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, have long known "The Rev. Richard W. Alexander" as the pseudonym of a very zealous missionary, who is also a singularly perfect teller of short stories. They will welcome, therefore, the more heartily, the reprinted stories which Messrs. Kenedy and Sons of New York have published under the title of *The Hand of Mercy*

(price \$1). In addition to being admirable stories, these sketches are in each case a true record of some process of thought or external crisis which, within the author's personal experience, has brought souls into the Church. Some are ordinary, and the more useful because ordinary; some are very extraordinary; all are of living, practical interest. This is one of the most useful as well as attractive conversion-books we have met for a very long time.

Among gift-books of the more solid sort may also be reckoned the first volume of **A Picture Book of English History**, which we have received from the Cambridge University Press. For the small price of 3s. 6d. we have here a large and handsome volume, complete in itself, giving an illustrated record of our History to 1485, illustrated, that is to say, in the only reasonable way, by pictures strictly contemporary—photographs of places, reproductions of coins, seals, brasses, and the like. The letter-press is confined to brief notes sufficient to make the illustrations intelligible. It is impossible to glance through a book like this—professedly secular and general—without being more than ever impressed with the extent to which English History to the Reformation is also Catholic history. The record that cannot lie—the contemporary relic—tells its own tale.

To turn to Fiction proper, we notice first a slight but charming book by the author of *By the Grey Sea*—**Les Cloches des Morts** (Sands and Co.: 1s. 6d.), rather a souvenir volume than a substantial book, and specially suitable for such use at a period when much sorrow dims the joy in so many hearts. The Bells of the Dead bring a message of comfort and of strengthening which should be welcome to many just now. We regret to notice that two revered members of the Society of Jesus are misrepresented as "Father Galway" and "Père Ravignon."

Of books for the younger folk which are frankly story-books the supply seems less generous this year than usual. In this *genre*, as in so many others, Mrs. Tynan Hinkson proves her mastery with **Men, not Angels; and other Tales told to Girls** (Burns and Oates: price 3s. 6d. net). The tales are of most varied interest; tales of town and of country, tales of "high life" and of "low life," tales of the homeland and of abroad. Where all are good it is invidious to select, but for ourselves we enjoyed most the delightful story of "The Abbé's Indiscretions," and the romance in little entitled "Voices in the Night."

Of complete long stories two reach us from Messrs. Sands, published at 3s. 6d. each—a strongly contrasted pair. Mr. Michael O'Ann-rachain's **A Swordsman of the Brigade** is a story of military adventure which will better please its readers the more strongly Irish are their sympathies. The hero fights the Germans—so much to the good—but at the time of the Grand Alliance; and in these days of peace-making at home, the mere "Sassenach" may perhaps be permitted to wonder whether it was worth while calling up these ghosts of old unhappy things. England played a sufficiently villainous part in those days towards Ireland; but even so, the hero as enemy-spy in Dublin, glorying in the necessary duplicity of his part, is not pleasant to contemplate. Quite as Irish, but all charm instead of all sting, is the other story of the pair—**Norah of Waterford**, by "Rosa Mulholland." To our outside perception it affords by far the more pleasing picture. One would trust

—as indeed one believes—that Lady Gilbert's is the real Ireland; the Ireland so full of Christian kindness that it will welcome more than half-way the enemy that seeks reconciliation, the Ireland that will not bear a grudge however deep the injury. Of such an Ireland are Lady Gilbert's delightful *dramatis personæ*.

From Messrs. Washbourne, too, comes a pair of story-books, also published at 3s. 6d. each—*Eva's Heritage*, by S. M. A. O'Mara, and *Nellie Doran*, by Miriam Agatha. The latter, an excellent story of home and school life for girls, is distinguished by a Preface by an Archbishop—the Coadjutor of Brisbane—from which we learn that "Miriam Agatha" has already won an Australian reputation as a writer of children's stories. With testimony of archiepiscopal unimpeachableness to the accuracy of her pictures of life in the Bush and in the Convent schools of Australia, "Miriam Agatha" should assuredly go on to victory in wider than antipodean fields. There is nothing so exciting to chronicle about *Eva's Heritage*, but merely considered as a story-book it is quite as good. It is also Australian—"a tale of Old Sydney"—and throws a vivid light upon the early struggles of Catholicism in that country. Its human interest none the less is strong and well-sustained throughout a long book to the well-conceived happy ending.

Readers of that delightful story, *Billy Boy*, will welcome very heartily a new tale by Miss Mary T. Waggaman, *The Secret of Pocomoke*, published by the Ave Maria Press, of Notre Dame, Indiana, at 75 cents. That it will be as popular with girls as *Billy Boy* with their brothers we are quite sure; as well as that the elders who enjoyed the one will still more keenly enjoy the other. The contrast of life in the Old South, and the little tinge of old France that so pleasantly mingles with it, with newest New York is delightful. Incident and adventure there are in plenty, as well as a persuasive picture of the one thing that matters—all centred around the fascinating little figure of "Pat," the heroine.

From the Ave Maria Press also comes a larger book—costing a dollar—by Father P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., who in his Western home calls up many Irish scenes and memories, *Round about Home*—"To-day's memories," writes their author, "of a yesterday back in Ireland . . . with dear, kindly people all around, the wide, white Shannon a few flat fields away, and the sea's sweet breath coming from Kerry Head." Stories and sketches full of the soil and full of the Faith, make up a volume full to overflowing with the fascination of the most fascinating of countries.

WAR BOOKS.

We hope that very many of our readers will spend the small sum of a shilling in purchasing Miss E. M. Tenison's little book, *Chivalry and the Wounded*, published by Messrs. Upcott Gill and Son. By doing so they will accomplish several useful ends at once. They will be assisting a most worthy charity—the St. John's Ambulance, which is doing admirable work and is badly in need of money, which the profits of the book will help to provide. They will also obtain a vivid and sympathetic sketch of the history of a great Religious Order—that of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; a history full of great deeds and noble characters, told by a writer who has already deserved well of Catholics for her good work in the cause of persecuted Catholicism in Portugal.

They will also obtain controversial powder and shot for current controversies, from a book which, directly or by inference, likens a notorious Personage of our day in turn to Timour the Tartar, who disliked the White Cross command of the Sea, and who made a Louvain of Smyrna; to the Sultan Solymán, who, always "went through the preliminary formula" of expressing his devotion to the cause of peace; to Mustapha Pasha, who carried kultur into Malta; and to other savages of almost equal renown. We must not delay over the splendid figures of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Jean de la Valette, de Trémincourt, and the others on whom Miss Tenison dwells so lovingly, nor stop to estimate the elements of weakness in the Order considered as a Religious society, which the authoress duly notes, though without considering them at length. We must pass to the last of the ends which we conceive a perusal of the book will serve—a negative one, unfortunately, from Miss Tenison's point of view. The suggestion of a certain real continuity between the Order and its philanthropic namesake of to-day, might be thought inconceivable were it not actually made; continuity, *i.e.*, between an Order vowed to the Religious life, sovereign in temporals, in spirituals devoted to the Pope, and the existing most worthy philanthropic organization. We wonder what Sir Adrian Fortescue, one of the last English Knights of the Order, who was martyred by Henry VIII., would have thought of it. Had we the pen of his present-day namesake, we might hope to do justice to the theme. At any rate the point is useful as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Continuity Theory in general.

In our last issue we unfortunately had space for only a few words about the admirable war pamphlets published by the Oxford University Press at prices varying from a penny to threepence. They now number over thirty, and are still appearing, and form a collection which for wideness of scope, fulness of detail, authoritative treatment, and (with a couple of insignificant exceptions) scholarly tone, is beyond praise. To note one or two of the later numbers, Professor Pearce Higgins' **The Law of Nations and the War** gives us not only an admirable statement of general principles, but a conclusive answer to the misuse of the maxims *necessitas non habet legem* and *rebus sic stantibus*. The comparison made between Belgium in 1914 and Denmark in 1807 is also thoroughly refuted. Mr. W. G. S. Adams' **The Responsibility for the War** is the best summary of the elaborate diplomatic papers that has yet appeared, and Professor Egerton gives a summary of facts, very useful just now, in answer to the question, **Is the British Empire the Result of Wholesale Robbery?** But best of all, we think, is Mr. H. W. C. Davis' **What Europe owes to Belgium**, a debt the magnitude of which we acknowledge, but in no adequate sense realize. We see something more of it in Mr. Davis' pamphlet, which should be circulated by thousands among our educated classes, and used (as many of the series might well be) in the upper forms of our schools. Indeed, history and geography, as well as patriotism, should benefit largely in our schools by the war, with the help of the abundant penny and twopenny literature of a high class now available.

Later issues of the tracts still further illustrate the completeness of their scope. Professor W. J. Ashley deals with **The War in its Economic Aspects**, and Mr. C. Grant Robertson, of All Souls' College, with **Germany and the Economic Problem**. To the issues dealing with the

War and "welt-politik" is added **The Germans in Africa**, by Mr. Evans Lewin, librarian of the Colonial Institute, **German Sea Power**, by Professor C. S. Turry, of Aberdeen, and a very remarkable tract by Mr. F. S. Marvin, entitled, **The Leadership of the World**, a contribution towards the reconstruction of those "immemorial links of European culture" which transcend the action of the changing groups of nations which from time to time hold political leadership. None of the Oxford tracts have been more useful than those on the modern political action of the separate states, containing as they do so much important matter as yet only to be found scattered in blue-books and the like. Of these none adds more to knowledge than Mr. Arnold Toynbee's **Greek Policy** since 1882. Finally, two able and useful tracts are sufficiently recommended by their titles and authors—**Poland, Prussia and Culture**, by Dr. Ludwik Erlich, of the universities of Lemberg and Oxford, and **Non-combatants and the War**, by Professor Pearce Higgins.

GENERAL.

Just in time for notice comes that indispensable reference-book, **Who's Who, for 1915** (Black: 15s. net), which, in spite of the excision of some 600 names (the harvest of death up to the end of August, 1914, destined alas! to be so much greater this coming year), has added 66 pages to its length, and, to the same extent, to its interest. Many suggestive revelations of character, besides the more prosaic details of work and achievement, are given in these "potted biographies," which so help one to pursue the "proper study of mankind."

The C.S.G. has published its annual reference-book, **The Catholic Social Year Book for 1915** (C.S.G. Office, or P. S. King: 6d.), betimes this year, the sixth of issue, and, as was to be expected in such a practical publication, its contents have a close connection with the events of the day. Nearly half the book is devoted to moral and social questions raised by the state of warfare, including a stimulating article—"How all may serve," and a valuable discussion by Mr. Urquhart, of Balliol, on "The Breakdown of International Morality," which points out the imperative need of a restatement of the old International Code. To the second half of the book, the Bishop of Salford, the Bishop of Cambray, Father Cuthbert, O.S.F., Father Vaughan, S.J., and other distinguished writers contribute a series of illuminating "Notes and Comments." A very useful section is devoted to the Apostolate of the Press, and contains a summary of the work of the C.T.S. and the C.R.G. Finally, after an encouraging description of the progress of social effort in Ireland, the C.S.G. itself gives an account of its stewardship, a modest record of a full year's work for God, which alone is enough to confute the ignorant or malicious charges sometimes brought against it.

The usefulness of the penny pamphlet issued by the Catholic Social Guild from their offices at 1, Victoria Street, S.W., **How to help the Belgian Refugees** needs no demonstration. We have here a quite complete directory of the various organizations for help, both general and Catholic, as well as some most useful practical counsels. Perhaps it is unavoidable, but the general impression left on one's mind is of a great deal of effort not very thoroughly co-ordinated; however, one hopes that the inevitable confusion of the first rush being over, the ground may now be systematically covered. In particular, while we gladly acknowledge the admirable consideration generally shown by the public for

the religious claims of the refugees, isolated facts within our knowledge point to the need of further and more systematic Catholic action.

From the C.S.G. also comes, through their ordinary publishers, Messrs. P. S. King and Co., a second edition, at 6d. net, of the useful manual on **The Housing Problem**, edited by Mr. Leslie Toke, which includes a reprint of Mgr. Benson's fascinating little piece of Utopian literature, "A Catholic Colony."

A well-known periodical, the *Ecclesiastical Review*, was the first home of a series of bright little essays on clerical topics, called **Priestly Practice** (Notre Dame Press: \$1.00), by the associate editor of the *Ave Maria*, Father A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C. They were well worth reprinting, for they contain very sound advice attractively conveyed on various points concerned with the priest's behaviour, both professional and individual. The stores of a ripe experience and a deep spirituality are drawn upon to furnish the counsels herein set forth, and we commend the little book very heartily to all clerical readers. Father O'Neill does not flatter nor minimize, but his directness is always considerate and persuasive. One feels that he has practised what he preaches.

Another book of *pastoralia*, but this one very recommendable to the laity, reaches us from the Dolphin Press, of Philadelphia. It consists of a really charming set of sketches, **Within my Parish**, edited by Dr. James Loomis, M.D., "from the day-book of a deceased Parish Priest" (price 60 cents). Whether the "editing" be but a literary device in the manner of the *Curé de campagne* or not, matters little. The sketches are none the less true to life, and they cannot fail to deepen our affection and reverence for the lonely priest on his lonely round, who, fitted for "great" things, has found so much greater in obscurity. Perhaps the most appealing sketches to ourselves are "My non-Catholic neighbour" and "My convert Parishioners." Here are not merely charm and depth of feeling, but important practical observations. We promise clergy and laity alike a delightful hour in the perusal of this little book.

We have received from the Cambridge University Press **A School Electricity**, by Mr. C. J. L. Wagstaff, the Headmaster of the Haberdashers' School, Hampstead (price 5s. net), which should be of great use for higher school work and passmen at the Universities. It is based on practical experience of teaching, and there are plenty of examples, mostly original, but many taken from Scholarship examination papers; some are of a rather advanced character, involving the calculus, but as a whole the book is well within ordinary school limits. From the same publishers comes **A Short History of Rome**, by Mr. E. E. Bryant, an Assistant Master at the Charterhouse, which is distinguished among such works by the quantity and excellence of its illustrations, maps and plans, as well as by its very moderate price of 3s. 6d. net. Mr. Bryant rightly claims in his Preface to have told the story of Rome as a living organism, and not as a mere congeries of facts and dates. This, of course, implies a point of view, and we may content ourselves with noticing—neither approving nor condemning—that Mr. Bryant's point of view is plainly Cæsarian and imperialist.

Of great interest to students of liturgiology, to lovers of pilgrimages, and to lovers of Brittany, is the Duke of Argyll's first-hand description of **The Grand Troménie of Locronan in Armorican Cornwall** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul, George Street, Hanover Square: price 2s. 6d. net). This Breton pilgrimage is one of the largest and most interesting of

them all, both historically and in its actual devotional aspects, and this illustrated record is the more welcome as the pilgrimage itself is only to be seen every sixth year; the next will take place in 1917. The characteristics of the "Armorican Cornwall," the history of the pilgrimage, and its actual ritual and ceremonial, are carefully described by the Duke, who takes occasion, in his concluding pages, to vindicate in the plain-spoken way one associates with the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, the importance of pilgrimages in the scheme of Christian devotion. The book is produced with all the distinction of the Society's publications, except as regards the reproduction of the many useful illustrations, which, to be frank, is quite bad.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

It is a pleasure to record the continued success of the excellent series of apologetic papers entitled **The Catholic Mind**, and published by the America Press of New York at 5 cents. apiece. Our own columns, as well as those of our French contemporary, *Etudes*, have been honoured by the reproduction of several articles in this handy form, but the last two issues are distinctively American. None the less, they are of interest and importance for us on this side of the water. **Justice to Mexico**, by "An American Citizen," shows not only the gravity of an American problem, but the results of anti-Catholic anarchism when once it is given its head—amongst those results being systematic outrages even worse than the Prussian. This is becoming a question for the Catholic world at large, although the great Church of the U.S. has more immediate concern. **Freemasonry and Catholicism in America**, by Father Michael Kenny, S.J., is an important contribution to our knowledge of the many ramifications, yet the essential unity, of a great Anti-Christian organization. English and American masonry are not, after all, so completely free from the influences of the Grand Orient as many would have us believe.

Church Teaching (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 1d.) may be described as Popery without the Pope. It is simply the Penny Catechism eviscerated of all papal doctrine, somewhat shortened by other omissions and retaining a certain Anglican tinge by beginning with "Who gave you your name?" A Preface signed "✠ Frank Zanzibar" sufficiently explains the phenomenon.

We have noticed as they appeared the excellent new series of penny booklets published by the Catholic Truth Society, under the editorship of Father Lattey, S.J., dealing with **The Church at Home and Abroad**. The first series is now issued in bound form for a shilling, and constitutes an excellent short guide to actual Catholic conditions in the five countries dealt with, and in the mission-fields of India and China. We look forward eagerly to the continuation and completion of the series.

We should like to see widely circulated in England the little catechetical manual of **Practical Questions on the Sodality**, compiled by Father James A. Dowling, S.J., and published for 5 cents by the Loyola University Press, Chicago. It covers concisely, yet lucidly and comprehensively, every conceivable practical question affecting the Sodality and its propagation, and should do much to spread both that great spiritual organization and the all-important interests for which it stands. The booklet is supplied at very cheap rates in quantity—100 copies for \$2 and 500 for \$8. We trust several such batches will find their way to England.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

FROM THE AUTHOR.

The Passing of Vesalius. By G. Matheson Cullen, M.D., B.Sc. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, November, 1914.

AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ill.
The Secret of Pocomoke. By Mary T. Waggaman. Pp. 270. Price, 75c. *Round about Home.* By Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C. Pp. vi, 234. Price, \$1.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.
The Ivy Hedge. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pp. iv, 332. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

BURNS & OATES, London.
Men, not Angels, and other tales. By Katharine Tynan. Pp. viii, 245. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Poems.* By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. xxiv, 88. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Catholic Almanac*, 1915. Pp. 64. Price, 1d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Origins of the War. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. Pp. iv, 202. Price, paper 2s. net, cloth 2s. 6d. net. *The Golden Legend.* Selected and edited by S. V. O'Neill, M.A. Pp. viii, 294. Price, 3s. net.

CASELL, London.
What of To-day? By Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Pp. xxii, 392. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
The Church at Home and Abroad. Edited by the Rev. Cathbert Lattey, S.J. First Series. Pp. xii, 32, 32, 28, 28, 32, 24, 24. Price, 1s. *The Church in South Africa.* By the Hon. A. Wilmot, K.S.G. Pp. 32. Price, 1d.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
Within My Parish. Edited by James Loomis, M.D. Pp. viii, 102. Price, 60 cents. *The Life and Writings of Saint Columban.* By George Metlake. Pp. xx, 258. Price, \$2.

FAITH HOUSE, Buckingham St., W.C.
The War from a Churchman's Point of View. By Herbert P. Baylis. Pp. 22. Price, 2d. net.

KENEDY & SONS, New York.
The Hand of Mercy. By Rev. Richard W. Alexander. Pp. 288. Price, \$1.

P. S. KING & Co., London.

The Housing Problem. Edited by Leslie A. Toke, B.A. (Catholic Studies in Social Reform III.) Pp. 66. Price, 6d. net. *The Catholic Social Year Book for 1915.* Pp. viii, 104. Price, 6d.

LONGMANS, London.

The Upper Room. By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. 48. Price, 6d. net. Illustrated edition, 2s. 6d. net. *Port Royal and Other Studies.* By Rev. H. T. Morgan, M.A. Pp. xxviii, 146. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

LONG, London.

Letters of Lidwine. Pp. 124.

LOYOLA PRESS, Chicago.

Practical Questions on the Sodality. By Rev. James A. Dowling, S.J. Pp. 48. Price, 5 cents.

LUGARO, Palermo.

I Gesuiti in Sicilia nel Secolo XIX. By Fr. A. Zeanza, S.J. Pp. 322. Price, 3.25 l.

METHUEN & Co., London.

The Debt. By E. V. Lucas. *For the Men at the Front.* By John Oxenham. *Policeman X.* By John Oxenham. Price, 1d. each.

PILGRIM PUBLISHING Co., Barbaroo, Wis., U.S.A.

Holy Land and Holy Writ. By the Rev. J. T. Durward. Pp. xiv, 768.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, Rochampton.
Society of the Sacred Heart. By Janet Erskine Stuart. Pp. x, 116.

SANDS, London and Edinburgh.

The Daily Life of a Religious. By Mother Frances Raphael, O.S.D. 2nd Edition. Pp. viii, 110. Price, 1s. 6d. *Les Cloches des Morts.* By the Author of "By the Grey Sea," &c. Pp. iv, 62. Price, 1s. 6d. *A Swordsman of the Brigade.* By Michael O'Annrachain. Pp. 231. Price, 3s. 6d. *Norah of Waterford.* By Rosa Mulholland. Pp. 251. Price, 3s. 6d. *New Testament Stories.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. No pagination. Price, 2s. 6d.

TIPOGRAFIA PONTIFICIA, Rome.

Rapport sur un Voyage d'Exploration dans la Tarahunara. By A. Gerste, S.J. Pp. 54.

